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Events of the Week.

THE Budget of 1914, like that of 1909, is an Aaron's rod, swallowing up competing subjects. It is not less complex than its predecessor, and is an even more fruitful instrument of social reform. Its two guiding principles may be described as the relief of local taxation on a new system of State help, according to needs, personal and local, to the character of the expenditure, and to the efficiency of the service, and the taxation of the rich for the benefit of the poor. On both grounds it is approved in principle by the "Times," and is likely to meet criticism on points of detail alone. From Liberal and Radical quarters it has received a more enthusiastic welcome, and the approval of the Labor Party is equally marked. It will involve some hard cases, and must lead to some further steps in graduations; and we think that its real and fine purpose—which is to raise the earning power and the physical and intellectual

forces of the nation—must be rounded off next year by the repeal of the breakfast-table duties.

To this course, Mr. Lloyd George must be impelled by the increasing wealth of the country, and by the fact that the incomes of the possessing classes have risen in response to the pressure of the Budget of 1909, or, as Sir George Paish puts it, that an expenditure of eighty-three millions on a people with an income of 1,000 millions is a smaller burden than an expenditure of 206 millions on a population receiving 2,400 millions a year. If the wealthy classes resent this burden, they can earn relief by assenting to a smaller expenditure on armaments. But the Budget makes it perfectly clear that so long as a Liberal Government remains in power, the national resources will never be diverted from their prime object of raising the standard of the people's life. As an electioneering agent, its chief appeal is the scheme under which, according to the Chancellor, it achieves an average reduction of a ninepenny rate.

IT is impossible to reproduce even the skeleton of the Budget in the space we can allot to it. But we will indicate its more salient features. The ground plan is simple enough. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has to deal with a deficit of £5,330,000, rising, by his plan of relief for rates and grants to special services, to £9,800,000. £8,800,000 of this he has met by increases in the higher ranges of the income-tax, by an extension and graduation of the super-tax, and by larger death duties. The remaining million he takes from the Sinking Fund. He thus leaves a nominal surplus of £252,000, on a revenue of £209,455,000, against an expenditure of £209,203,000. This will probably be much exceeded, owing to the great yield of the new taxes, the continued accumulations of the well-to-do, and the fair prospects for trade.

Let us first see what the Chancellor proposes to do with his money. The relief to local taxation will be of two characters. He sweeps away the old unconditional grants in aid, amounting to £7,785,000, and substitutes a new set of grants, amounting on a final balance to a net increase for the United Kingdom of £11,095,000. These he will distribute to the existing services on the following principles, which complement and also check each other. (1) The rating of site values as apart from improvements will be set up, and the relief to the rate-payer will go in reduction of the rates on the latter, so that the greater the improvement, the greater the relief. It is thus hoped to stimulate good building. (2) The greatest help will be given to the hardest-pressed areas, where services are heavy and ratable value is low. (3) Districts will also be most favored which have shown the greatest public spirit. (4) Relief will also be proportioned to expenditure and to efficiency, while a great mass of grants will go, not to the relief of the rates, but to the encouragement of new and special services. Obviously, these principles will be difficult to embody in practice, and a detailed explanation of them, and their embodiment in Acts of Parliament, are of the first importance.

To some of the grants exception will be taken. We see no reason, for instance, for increasing the police grant to 50 per cent., and, taken by itself, the wise provision for finding half the maintenance of main roads (county roads are to have a quarter of the cost, and what are called district roads get nothing at all) will be a rather needless encouragement to motorists, whom the Budget leaves untouched. But the great and splendid feature of the new subsidies is the new Public Health Grant, which in a full year will amount to £4,000,000. This will equal 25 per cent. of the net expenditure of the local authorities, and its design is to press them into a "spirited" dealing with the problems of housing, hospitals, and tuberculosis. The allied business of insurance gets a new subvention of a million at once, and education (necessitous areas, feeding of children, maternity centres, open-air and special schools, and physical training) will next year receive a total aid-grant of £3,902,000.

* * *

To pay for all these services of health and knowledge and civic humanity and progress, the Chancellor goes to three sources of wealth-taxation—the ordinary income-tax, the super-tax, and the death duties. From the first he gets 5½ millions; from the second 2½ millions; from the third £650,000, with the prospect of much larger returns in the ensuing year—namely, £14,730,000, so that a rising expenditure will be met by a rising revenue. He gives a little back by doubling the abatement to fathers with children and less than £500 a year—so that a person with £200 a year and two children pays exactly nothing—and consenting to lose in all £156,000 on estates which change hands by death twice or more within five years. Improving landlords are also to have a fuller allowance on account of actual repairs. To balance this concession to the deserving rich, the Chancellor rakes in some additional supplies by abolishing the privilege on settled estates, and by an admirable proposal to enforce payment, by declarations and penalties, on investments whose interest is payable abroad. Thus a gentleman with £6,000 a year, half of which he invests in securities payable at Paris or Berlin, will in future pay the home tax on his entire income instead of on half of it.

* * *

THE income-tax is drastically dealt with. The general rate of taxation on unearned incomes (save for existing abatements) is raised from 1s. 2d. to 1s. 4d. Earned income pays as at present (*i.e.*, at the rate of 9d.) up to £1,000 a year, and then a higher scale operates, beginning at 10½d. for incomes between £1,000 and £1,500, and running up by four stages of increase to 1s. 4d. for incomes above £2,500. Not less rigorous is the handling of the super-tax. The fixed rate of 6d. on portions of incomes above £5,000 is exchanged for a graduated scale, which begins at £3,000, on which a charge of 5d. is levied for the last £500, and rises by twopences to the maximum of 1s. 4d. The new scale works out at the following figures, which, of course, represent additions to the levy made through the ordinary income-tax:—

Income.	Rate in £.	Income.	Rate in £.
£3,001 ...	1·7d.	£7,000 ...	6·1d.
£3,500 ...	1·7d.	£8,000 ...	7·2d.
£4,000 ...	2·4d.	£9,000 ...	8·2d.
£5,000 ...	3·7d.	£10,000 ...	8·9d.
£6,000 ...	4·9d.	£100,000 ...	15·3d.

As to death duties, estates of a less value than £60,000 stand as at present, but at that point graduation begins, running from 1 to 20 per cent., a tremendous lien on the tremendous privilege of excessive wealth. Finally, the Chancellor declined all remissions of taxation, and excused his draft on the sinking fund by calculating

that the Government had reduced our capital indebtedness by £104,000,000—a rather roseate estimate.

* * *

INTERESTING criticisms of these proposals were delivered on Wednesday from the Conservative side by Mr. Austen Chamberlain and from Liberal quarters by Mr. Montagu, Mr. Chiozza Money, and Mr. Sydney Arnold, and on Thursday by Mr. Philip Snowden. The last two speeches were masterly defences of the policy of taxing for socially useful objects, and its compatibility with continuous additions to the national capital. Mr. Chamberlain's attack was chiefly an impeachment of a thrifless, hand-to-mouth finance, and the general answer to it is that the Georgian tax-scheme has not hampered trade but encouraged it. The great obstacle to the Budget is that it depends, more particularly as to its scheme of rate-aid, on the passing of four or five Bills—revenue, valuation, insurance—and that, without some such provision, the scheme may wear the hated aspect of doles to landlords.

* * *

ON the other hand, all the supporting Bills can hardly be passed without an autumn session, to which both parties vehemently object, and which will seemingly not be pressed. The Government hope to get what they want without a prolonged sitting of Parliament, and hint at a rough interim scheme of rate-aid. But this is loose calculating, and we must protest strongly against the slackness of members whose time the State pays for, and which it ought to get. If it is necessary to have an autumn session to thresh out this great scheme, an autumn session there should be. The Rating Bill must be complicated, and will be fiercely opposed by the Tories, who ask for nothing better than to revert to the old system of unconditional grants, on a larger scale. But that is not the scheme of the Budget. Radicals will not lightly assent to voting away millions to landlords and Dreadnoughts.

* * *

ON Tuesday Lord Selborne introduced a Bill for giving the Parliamentary franchise to women already on the municipal register. On Wednesday, the House of Lords divided on the second reading of this measure, and rejected it by a majority of 44—104 to 60. Considering what the House of Lords is, this is a remarkable division, a far better one than could be obtained for any contemporary Bill which could be called progressive. The weight of argument and appeal was overwhelmingly on Lord Selborne's side. Lord Curzon made a conventionally able speech in opposition, but the Lord Chancellor rightly called it old-fashioned, and it was answered in one sentence by Lord Newton's retort:—

"A woman was good enough to be a Royal Commissioner, to be the Mayor of an important city, or even to receive a gold medal from Lord Curzon himself in connection with geographical research, but if she asked to be allowed to put a cross opposite the honored name of a Parliamentary candidate, she was told the line must be drawn at that."

The debate should be read for Lord Courtney's broad survey of the real advance of the cause of women amidst apparent checks and defeats, and Lord Lytton's moving analysis of the moral and intellectual forces in the suffrage movement, and his balanced statement of what he called the "pity and tragedy of militancy."

* * *

WEDNESDAY's debate on capture at sea served to register an important advance on behalf of the Government, and brought from Sir Edward Grey the welcome assurance that it is prepared to discuss conditions and no

longer opposes in principle the reversal of this archaic barbarism. Mr. Morrell's motion invited the Government to negotiate with other Powers for such a revision of the laws of naval warfare as would secure immunity to all private property, except in the case of ships carrying material of war or attempting to violate a blockade. Mr. Acland's reply to his able speech was non-committal and unpromising, and laid stress on the argument by which every horror and excess in warfare has in turn been defended—that the fear of loss in war is a motive for peace. One may add that it is also a motive for armaments.

* * *

Sir Edward Grey went much beyond his subordinate. He stated that no Continental nation, and certainly not Germany, had ever indicated that naval expenditure was bound up with the question of capture. He dwelt on some difficulties in defining any rule of immunity—an enemy's merchantman equipped with wireless could hardly be allowed to sail freely through our fleet. The right of blockade, moreover, must not be infringed. But we need no longer be an obstacle to the reversal of the doctrine of capture, and might devote our attention to defining the conditions on which we will agree to abandon it, when the United States makes its usual proposal at The Hague. Some *quid pro quo* ought to be obtained—*e.g.*, as to floating mines. Cautious and largely personal as the speech was, it marks the most helpful and practical step towards a reduction of armaments that has been taken since Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's death.

* * *

AN incident at Haiti, trivial in itself, raises a grave issue of principle. A Reuter telegram from the island, confirmed from American sources, states that the British representative has presented an ultimatum, backed by the presence of a cruiser, demanding payment of an indemnity of £12,000 due to a British subject for the burning of his saw-mill during one of the disturbances which are as common as tropical storms in this black republic. The "Times" questions the use of the word "ultimatum," but our representative was apparently instructed to leave Haiti if his claim was not met. Whether the sum demanded is fairly assessed, or who fixed it, we do not know. But the procedure adopted, if a cruiser was at hand to back an imperative demand, comes near to infringing two principles. It might be taken, as the Venezuelan affair was, as a challenge to the Monroe doctrine. In the second place, it infringes the Drago Doctrine adopted by the last Hague Conference, which forbids the use of force for the collection of debts. Force has not actually been used, but an impression has been given that its use was intended.

* * *

THE First Duma was destroyed because it refused to be an accomplice in the trial of its Socialist deputies accused of high treason. The Fourth Duma will not even protest when its deputies are put on their trial for words actually spoken from its own tribune. The Government proposes to prosecute M. Tcheidze, a Caucasian Socialist deputy, for some expressions implying an abstract preference for Republicanism, used by him in a recent speech in the Duma. The Extreme Left, by way of defending the Duma as the last refuge of free speech in Russia, brought forward a motion on Tuesday pledging the Duma not to proceed with the Budget until it had passed a Bill guaranteeing the immunity of deputies from punishment for speeches delivered in the House. The motion was defeated by 140 to 76 votes, a result which seems to show that some at least of the Cadets have abandoned their old brave attitude, even on a point so elementary as this.

The Premier, M. Govemykin, received an ovation, and the House afterwards voted the expulsion for a fortnight of sixteen Socialists who attempted to continue their protests by obstruction.

* * *

WE confess we feel great doubt whether the House of Commons was wise in rejecting Mr. Wedgwood's amendment to the Defective and Epileptic Children's Bill, providing that children should not be sent to residential schools without the consent of their parents. Good as the plan of special residential schools may be, we do not like the way in which the House of Commons is rushing ahead with these schemes of compulsory detention which, in fact, apply only to the poor. It is a very strong order, not merely to remove a defective child from the care of its parents by force, but to put it into an institution where it must live among strange teachers and disciplinarians. It is useless to say that the parent has a right of appeal. Poor people do not go to law in such cases, and have small chances of succeeding if they do.

* * *

WIRELESS telegraphy has proved its invaluable use as a means of bringing succor to distressed vessels, but it has its risks. The familiar danger signal S O S was received last week at a Japanese station, was interpreted to mean that the Pacific mail steamer "Siberia" was ashore on the rocks, and was calling for aid in imminent danger of wreckage. Ships left their courses and hurried to her assistance, and a powerful salvage steamer was actually engaged to rescue her. Presently came the news that she was safe, had sent no danger signal, and was never in distress. The mystery is not yet fully cleared up, but the most plausible theory is that one Morse signal was mistaken for another. The Austrian Lloyd ship "Persia" was signalling to the "Siberia," and her call letters appear to be M B S, which, if several times repeated, might conceivably have been confused with S O S. The confusion was the easier, since these "call-letters" had not yet been communicated to the Japanese station. Heavy losses, not to mention grave anxiety, were caused by the mistake, and it is satisfactory to be able to register a possible explanation which excludes the theory of fraud or malice.

* * *

THE Bishops have passed a declaration in the Upper House of Canterbury Convocation, the avowed object of which is to debar students, clergymen, and the Divinity Professors at our ancient Universities, from freely inquiring into the historical character and background of the creeds. In face of such a declaration, it is idle for the Archbishop of Canterbury to say that he is not barring the path of serious students, or attempting to limit the traditional liberty and comprehensiveness of the Church of England. Ten years ago, when he was confronted with a similar situation to the present, one of our most accomplished scholars, Dr. Armitage Robinson, then Dean of Westminster, begged him and his brother Bishops to refrain from making declarations on articles of faith. As Dr. Robinson truly said: "They will be regarded as an attempt to close the door of inquiry by the hand of authority. This is utterly alien to the spirit of the English Church. It is a fundamental principle that criticism must be met by criticism, not by counter assertion. We shall inevitably give the impression that we are using in despair our last available weapon." Ten years ago these wise words held the Bishops back. But since then the ranks of the episcopate have been filled with men who either know nothing of the liberal traditions of the English Church, or wish, like Bishop Gore of Oxford, to destroy them.

Politics and Affairs.

THE NEW FINANCE.

In his finance proposals of last Monday, Mr. Lloyd George announced a further application of the principles embodied in his 1909 Budget. These principles are two; first, that it is the business of a Liberal Government to take active measures for the development of the natural and human resources of the nation, not confining itself to defence, the maintenance of order, and other conservative functions of the State; secondly, that, so far as the revenue needed for such work involves increased taxation, the burden of such taxes should be placed upon those incomes which alone possess a true ability to pay. In pursuance of this policy of active development, the Treasury has projected and financed those schemes of Old Age Pensions, Development, Health and Unemployed Insurance, which are destined to lighten some of the burdens of poverty and to promote the efficiency of our national life. Important additions to this statecraft are announced for the coming year. A million more pounds goes to insurance, partly for new or improved benefits, partly in rectification of admitted defects in the existing scheme. Education is to have another million, largely for application on the side of physical health and training. Considerable subventions, direct and indirect, are to be made to public health services and the extirpation of those preventable diseases which arise in the great slum areas in which 5,000,000 of our people dwell. Education, housing, and public health are inextricably associated in the great task of raising the physical efficiency of the nation, and it is a most satisfactory feature of our new national finance that the correlation of these services is to be taken in hand by the central government. Most of the detached administration of these matters which touch the vital interests of our people must remain in the hands of local bodies. But the new finance will give the necessary unification and control to the best qualified advisers and officials of the central departments. To the special problems raised by the new relations between central and local government, we will presently revert. For the moment we desire to emphasize the wider play of the developmental principle in Mr. George's finance. This is exhibited not solely in the large provisions to which we have referred, but also in the efforts to give vitality and fuller operation to provisions already on our statutes but neglected in their local application, such as the Shops Act and the Children's Employment Act.

It is a wholesome sign of the times that very few Conservatives are found to stand in open opposition to this policy of social finance. Their typical attitude is that adopted on Wednesday last by Mr. Austen Chamberlain. They deprecate the excessive pace of these costly reforms, and they question the initiation of the Treasury. This latter issue is fundamental. The old idea was that the first function of the Treasury was to keep down public expenditure. The new idea is that its first function is to direct and organize finance for the profitable conduct of the public business. Cutting

down expenses to the narrowest limits is not usually considered sound economy by a flourishing and go-ahead business firm: it is commonly regarded as a sign of weakness and inefficiency. An able and progressive business plans developments, often involving large present outlays and sacrifices, in order to reap larger profits in the future. Is this an unsound policy for a national business? Timid economists complain that the pace is too fast; that we are encroaching too largely upon our reserves of taxation; that some of these reforms, in themselves desirable, come too dear.

Now, we should be the last to deny that great wastes exist in our national expenditure. The large recent additions made to our unproductive and ultimately destructive expenditure on armaments, in pursuance of a bad public policy, makes it difficult to find the money needed for productive outlay upon education, insurance, public health, and national development. But it will never do to starve the latter services while bloating the former. It would not even assist the cause of national defence. On the contrary, it would greatly impair it. For the fruitful expenditure which we support is not only realized in terms of better health, improved intelligence, and general welfare. It comes home in the improved efficiency of labor, the enlarged capacity for producing wealth, and a consequent expansion of the future taxable capacity of the nation. Even were it true that we must keep the next great war in view, that need would fully vindicate every item of this expenditure on education and social reform. The sinews of war, as of peace, dwell in the health and economic strength of a nation. Doleful super-taxees may talk of excessive imposts eating into the commercial resources of the nation, and damaging trade and employment. But what are these complaints worth? Has the policy of 1909 crippled trade? The new taxes of that year yielded no less than £27,000,000 last year. Have they driven trade out of the country? So far as the volume and profits of trade and industry are concerned, there has never been a period of such flowing prosperity for the classes living upon rents, profits, interest, salaries, and fees. Though the working classes have had comparatively little share in the enhanced wealth, employment has been fuller than usual, and the larger public subventions have contributed to raise the general standard of security. The classes called upon to bear the increased burden of taxation have not suffered. They have greatly advanced in wealth and income, and it is idle for them to raise alarmist cries. We, as a nation, are better able to-day to bear a national expenditure of £206,000,000, than our fathers were in 1880 to bear one of £83,000,000.

This improved capacity to pay is, however, due in no small degree to the bolder application of the second principle, for which Mr. George stands—viz., the shifting of an increased proportion of the taxes on to wealth and super-wealth. Differentiation between earned and unearned income, progressive graduation, and the relief of low family incomes, have all been carried further in the latest Budget. The establishment of a new class-limit of £1,000, above which graduation on earned incomes begins, is the first novel feature. This graduation, pro-

ceeding up to £3,000, thus resolves itself into the super-tax, lowered from £5,000 to achieve this meeting. There still remains a defect in the graduation of unearned incomes, which, after the abatements below £700 disappear, stands at the same level of 1s. 4d. up to £3,000. The general effect, however, has been a large extension of the principle of graduation, both above and below the super-tax limit, and a notable increase in the proportion of the total income-tax revenue proceeding from the class of super-wealth. This, fortified by taxation of income which has hitherto escaped in the shape of foreign investments, and by a rise in the scale of death duties on estates above £60,000, makes a noteworthy advance in the application of sound principles of taxation. We wish that the graduation could have been made more scientific, substituting smooth, insensible increases for the series of sudden jerks by which it is still effected. But so long as the Treasury refuse to sanction the requirement of a full declaration of all incomes as the basis of collection, this remains impracticable.

One important feature of this Budget excites more interest and involves more difficulties than the rest. We allude, of course, to the increased grants to local authorities in respect of semi-national services performed under local administration. During the coming financial year the total increase of grants under these heads amount only to £2,432,000 for Great Britain. But the total net increase for a full year is estimated at £11,095,000, or for England and Wales alone, £9,200,000. This charge, amounting to a transformation of the relations between Imperial and local finance, involves two great issues of policy. The large central contribution must be made consistent with economy and efficiency of local administration. In laying down conditions for these contributions, Mr. George followed pretty closely the recommendations of the recent Committee Report. The amount given to each locality is to be made dependent upon a complex of several conditions, viz., the total expenditure, the necessity of the locality, and the efficiency of its service. This distribution, according to needs and capacity, will serve to stimulate local efficiency of administration. In furtherance of this policy, there is to be a uniform national valuation for rating purposes substituted for the present slack, irregular, and often corrupt valuation by local authorities. Only those acquainted with the details are aware what a crop of local grievances and inequalities everywhere spring up under the present system.

Last, not least, the national valuation is to be utilized to achieve the long-expected severance between values of sites and of improvements. The valuation of site values, which it is hoped will be completed this year, is to serve two important practical purposes in connection with finance. The increased exchequer grants are to go exclusively to reduce that portion of the rates levied on improvements. This provision, it is generally held by economists, will obviate the risk of the new grants passing into the pockets of landlords by a rise of rents. The second object of site valuation is to enable local authorities themselves to impose an increasing proportion of future increments of rates upon site values. The words of the Chancellor on this head deserve citation:—

"There is no intention to transfer the whole burden from the composite subject to the hereditament of the site only, but we do intend that taxation of site values shall henceforth form an integral part of the system of local taxation."

Liberals generally have greeted with strong approval the lines of this new finance. But they entertain one feeling of regret, advancing to a definite grievance, as years of Liberal administration pass by without any fulfilment of the one financial obligation imposed upon them by clear and repeated electoral pledges, namely, the repeal of those duties which enhance the cost of living of the working-classes. Approving, as we do, the policy of the new local grants, it none the less remains with us an open question whether it would not have been a more profitable as well as a more honorable task, to postpone a large part of this reform of local finance to the redemption of this earlier pledge. We venture to hope that the yield of the new taxation, of which we think the Chancellor has given a conservative estimate, will prove so large as to enable the Chancellor to write off this overdue obligation before his Government invite the workers of this nation to accord them another lease of power.

THE LIBERAL PARTY AND WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

We are glad and yet sorry to see a Woman's Suffrage Bill introduced by Lord Selborne in the House of Lords, even though its object be limited to the enfranchisement of women on the Local Government register. We are glad because of the signal it gives that the suffrage remains a first-rate political question, in which even the House of Lords takes an interest; sorry that such a measure is not in the hands of the Liberal Party and the Liberal Government. It is rare for a progressive measure to be defeated in the Lords by so slight a majority as 44, and such a division may well give cheer to a sharpening Tory appetite for a Suffrage Bill. But we speak for our own party, and as to its responsibility the situation is in no way changed. It remains essentially a suffrage party, as the Government, by a majority of votes in the Cabinet, is a Suffrage Government. The difficulty is that, so far as action is concerned, one of these organs invalidates the other. Nominally, the way to a Liberal Suffrage Bill is clear; for the Prime Minister, the chief hostile figure, says that he will not obstruct it so far as its passage through the House of Commons is concerned. In reality, this attitude of Mr. Asquith's acts as a kind of permissive veto. The party, knowing the Prime Minister's strong opinion, fears even to seem to shake his moral authority at a time when Home Rule and the overdue balance of the Liberal programme depend on its preservation. Here lies the half-felt but the real obstacle to a Liberal treatment of the suffrage. It is an equal embarrassment to the Prime Minister and to the party, and both, we imagine, are equally concerned in ending it.

It is therefore pertinent to observe that if that conjunction still holds, it is passing away. The passage of Home Rule will leave the Liberal Party free to think of the future. What political question confronts it larger and

more imminent than woman's suffrage? Take one aspect of it—taxation. This is Budget week. There is not a decision of the Chancellor's in the way of remitting a tax, or imposing a tax, or retaining a tax, which does not affect women. If one such resolution touches them more clearly than another, it is the retention of the breakfast-table duties. These duties are the pivot of the workwoman's household economies:—

"Tea, coffee, cocoa, currants and raisins, sugar, and scores of sugared foods, to say nothing of tobacco (wrote Mrs. Nash, on "The Co-operative Housewife"),* are subject to duty. Hardly anything that appears on the workman's breakfast and tea-table is on the free list—and under the new scheme [of Protection], with the exception of home-grown vegetables and perhaps herrings, the dinner, breakfast, and tea-table will be laid under universal contribution. A Yorkshirewoman's home-made bun-loaf pays duty on the sugar and the raisins, and up to June last on the flour. If she makes a roly-poly for dinner the jam pays and the flour pays and the sugar pays. Even the condensed milk that she puts in the taxed tea is taxed for its sugar."

If the economy of the workwoman is concerned in a Chancellor of the Exchequer's resolve to leave bread untaxed, or to tax it, to take off the sugar duty or to leave it on, the budgets of thousands of women in the richer classes are affected by his dealings with income-tax, super-tax, and death duties, and with his schemes for transferring burdens from local to Imperial revenues. So far as these plans affect men, they are acts of representative government; so far as they touch women, they are acts of coercion. We cannot have women running hospitals, nursing establishments, workhouses, infirmaries, prisons, schools, hotels, co-operative societies, trade unions, shops, newspapers, offices, consulting-rooms, children, homes, and husbands, without giving them a right of judgment on every theory and practice of taxation which Mr. Lloyd George commended to the House of Commons on Monday night, and through taxation, opening to them all the great doorways of politics—foreign affairs, armaments, social legislation and adjustments. If we consider the new subjects of social politics—such as insurance, population, physical culture, the care of the young and the unborn child—we approach a kingdom in which women are not co-rulers with men, so much as the dominant and determining force. Thus women do not merely stand at the gate of modern citizenship; they have penetrated to its inner courts, and by no imaginable modification in the structure of the State can they be thrust out again.

That being so, Liberalism, which believes in governing willing subjects, exercising all due liberties and rights, knows that its tacit denial of votes to women is wrong, and must land it in unending difficulties. There is, first, the old Irish trouble of maintaining order. The crimes of the suffragettes are entirely odious, and only a perverted sense can see in them a true representation of the women's cause. But outrage is a sign of excitement under repression or injustice—the "blind" answer, as Lord Newton truly said, to the trickery of politics; and the test of its being political is the embarrassment of the State in attempting to restrain it. The suffragettes are and always

will be unmanageable by force, and if they estrange the finest members of both sexes, do, in their fierce unreasonableness, compel men to face and confess the irrationality of the sex-bar. A rather narrower consideration arises as to the electoral action of women Liberals. This will probably be divided. Some women will at the coming General Election support Liberal candidates irrespective of their views on the suffrage. Others will not, and of this last section some will join the Labor Party outright, and others will confine their help to suffragists, and withhold it from "antis." These tactics imply an immediate withdrawal of force and enthusiasm from working Liberalism, but they mean more than this. They signify that a new need has arisen in the State, and Liberalism being not at hand with the appropriate remedy, will lose permanently a mass of new recruits that should roll up automatically for its support. Thus far, therefore, Liberalism ceases to be a national force, and leaves its initiative and its formative work to its rival, the Labor Party, or even to its enemy, the Tory Party. So far as Conservatism is concerned, we make no doubt at all that if a Tory Government comes in this year or next, it will pass a limited Suffrage Bill. There will be "conversions" and "abstentions" and "protests," and the rest of it; but neo-Toryism has a flexible back, and a fairly keen eye for electoral opportunity. Its interest in a measure based on property is obvious. The vote it will thus enfranchise will be strongly conservative, and its enrolment is easily defensible on those grounds of abstract propriety which appeal to the well-to-do Englishman. Its exercise will drain away strength from many popular causes, and yet we do not see how the Liberal Party can oppose it. The best possible—indeed, the only possible—attitude would be that of Gladstone and Bright to the Tory Reform Bill of 1867, and that could only be effective with a powerful and united Opposition.

But if generosity and far-sightedness prevail in the Liberal Party, the enfranchisement of women will not be left to its opponents. We have proposed a method—that of Local Option—by which the present Cabinet could next year proceed to pass a Suffrage Bill without inconvenience to the Prime Minister. But if that is rejected, the question must, with the reform of the Land Laws, constitute the ground work of the next Parliament. The nation has before it nothing so passionately desired, so widely and exhaustively debated, so conducive to that richness and variety in the modern State which is its chief ornament, and which all fine minds desire for it. Women have worked for this change, and sinned and suffered for it; while beneath all these political activities, good and evil, the mass of the sex contribute every year an ever-increasing share to the task-work of society and yield fresh proof of its duality, its need of the sympathetic and instinctive qualities which, by a thousand ways of suggestion, women bring to the service of the community. The conception of the woman-man and the man-woman is so deeply embedded in the arts and industries of life that it has become a mere insult to deny to women the small political realization

* "Labor and Protection." T. Fisher Unwin.

for which their leaders and representatives crave. Nothing can come of it but a wider satisfaction of reasonable ambitions, while from its denial proceeds and will proceed an increasing procession of evils, follies, humiliations, and aggravations for the State and for those who administer it.

THE TRUE BULWARK OF GREAT NAVIES.

To every Admiralty and every War Office the problem of armaments presents itself in a dual aspect. It is not only against the possible enemy overseas or across the frontier that the world's war lords must plan out their schemes of defence, there is a strategy which they must also devise against the critical movements of ideas which assails their estimates and their preparations with a more or less fundamental scepticism. It is half their task to plan armaments, but it is also their study to render them plausible, and, above all, necessary. To an extent that we may fail to realize, when we count up the mounting Budgets and watch the lengthening line of ships, governments are on the defensive, and are compelled to forge their arguments as carefully as they cast their guns. The presumption in the mind of every civilized man is to-day against armaments. He does not desire them for their own sake; he does not regard them as good in themselves; he must be convinced or cajoled into the belief that they are necessary. The coarser method of achieving this end is still the most usual, and perhaps the most effective. Another Power is arming, and we must arm, too; the only way to be safe is to be so strong that no one will dare to attack us. The endless fallacy of that circular reasoning is always plausible, until one realizes that what is said in English in London, is being uttered with the same accent to the same applause in German in Berlin. There is a rather subtler appeal which to-day goes far to explain the relative popularity of a forward naval policy in both countries. The Navy is represented as a defensive arm. It is the one security for the mercantile marine against capture in war time. To that appeal the most pacific of Hamburg merchants is compelled to respond. To leave his good ships to be picked up as prizes by British cruisers and destroyers in the event of war without an effort to safeguard them, would be a folly comparable with that of a city which should decline to finance its fire brigade. The German merchant has come to pay his Navy taxes and his subscription to the Flottenverein almost as naturally as he pays his fire-insurance policy. The Navy, in short, is an insurance for shipping. Of all the arguments devised to defend armaments and to render them in the eyes of sober public opinion not only plausible but necessary, this is the ablest and the most persuasive. It is valid and sound, just so long as capture at sea survives as a practice recognized by International Law.

The case was simple and straightforward so long as the practice of capture was an institution maintained mainly by our own Admiralty against the recurrent protests of most of the other Powers. It was intelligible that the strongest sea-Power should believe itself to have

an interest in retaining this tremendous weapon of aggression. It was equally intelligible that weaker Powers should seek to disarm us. One might realize that it was at best a double-edged weapon, and that if for a moment our command of the seas were disputed, it would react upon our insular food-supplies with a crushing effect out of all proportion to any possible gain. One might see that by maintaining this institution we were forcing the pace of armaments, and compelling the rest of the world to choose between the alternatives of building navies which they do not really need, or submitting to our unchallengeable dictation at sea. When they began to elect the former alternative the real working of the doctrine was felt at home; we, too, had to build for safety. But so far, while desiring the reversal of the doctrine, most of us were inclined to see in it a thesis natural for the expert to maintain. His business is to make the navy formidable, and here clearly it yields a terrific menace. But the whole situation has been changed since the German Admiralty, once an opponent of this doctrine, became one of its supporters. If our experts are right in supposing that with the stronger navy they have in capture a powerful weapon of offence, the German experts must surely be wrong in reckoning that with a weaker navy they can on the balance do the greater damage to commerce. The Germans with the weaker force must concentrate all their ships in order to achieve anything on the high seas. Why is it that they prefer to risk the loss of their commerce, rather than back an attempt to obtain by bargaining the reversal of the doctrine?

The answer, when the problem is stated in this way, is simple. Capture at sea is not primarily a weapon of offence. If it were that, it would be useful to some Powers, and harmful to others. It is to-day, in the present state of thought, primarily a weapon against public opinion. It is an argument for great navies, and it is almost the only plausible argument. It is equally useful and equally indispensable to the Navy League and to the Flottenverein. It is the argumentative stock on which the modern German fleet has been built, and it is probably the only really effective check in this country on any movement for the reduction of armaments. Whether by conscious or subconscious reasoning, both Admiralties have realized that capture at sea is the moral corner-stone of the case for great navies. That there is, from a narrowly British standpoint, a valid technical case for its maintenance, we refuse to believe, and we are rejoiced to see that Sir Edward Grey, in his remarkable and most promising speech on Mr. Morrell's motion, now inclines to the same view. The burden which it imposes is palpable. We are insuring at a gigantic and ever-growing figure against a danger which we ourselves created and maintain. The risk is obvious, and is so real that mercantile communities like Liverpool, with a spokesman so little given to pacifism as Mr. F. E. Smith, are now throwing all their weight against it. Nor are we satisfied that the gain under honorable conditions of warfare is at all so great as sailors bred to the sea in the days before wireless telegraphy used to suppose. The gain, such as it is, would lie with the Power which planned a sudden and unexpected aggression, and fell without warning on the

enemy's commerce. It is fairly clear that the threatened Power, if it feared war, could take its precautions, and could warn its vessels at sea to run for the nearest neutral port. That precaution would be frustrated only if its adversary began war unexpectedly and without a declaration. In that case, it certainly might reap a rich harvest of prizes. But even the weaker Power could play at that game. The stronger Power, in short, has not necessarily the more to gain from this obsolete barbarism, unless it is also the more unscrupulous Power. This doctrine, perpetuating as it does the worst evils of old-world piratical warfare, puts a premium on modern lawlessness. Itself a breach of the general canon which exempts private property from the ruin of warfare, it is a temptation, while it stands, to explicit offences against the settled laws of war. The Power which means to use it to the full will not dally over its negotiations, nor wait for proposals of mediation, nor stay to make a formal declaration of war; it will strike before the enemy can take shelter.

On the reversal of this doctrine Liberal opinion has concentrated in recent years. It is, to our thinking, an issue more urgent, an issue better worth a Parliamentary battle, than any question of less or more in the Estimates of any given year. It is the key to any future reduction. It is, moreover, the clue not merely to our own problem of reduction, but to the decrease of naval armaments the world over. They are the insurance, but this is the fire. Abolish capture and the question of naval armaments would have become for us the relatively modest problem of the defence of our own shores. With this doctrine we must hold all the world's seas. Without it, we need do little more than secure our coasts.

NEW IDEAS OF EDUCATION.

If anyone were to study such a document as the Report of the Chief Medical Officer of the Board of Education, and then turned to all the speeches that had been made in Parliament on the subject of education for a century, he would find it difficult to believe that Report and speeches related to the same country. It is only within the last few years that education, as the word is interpreted by civilized society to-day, has received any recognition in our public discussions. For Parliament after Parliament education has represented one aspect of the religious controversies of the nation. It has represented this and nothing else. In this exciting association, it could win elections and produce an eager and contentious House of Commons for debates. Without it, nobody found any of the questions it raised interesting or important. A century ago a few Whigs and Quakers began founding elementary schools. Suddenly an education question came into existence for the ruling classes. But what education question? The men who were awakened were anxious, not that England should be educated, but that there should be no education outside the control of the old aristocratic and fox-hunting Church. That was the view of Pitt himself, as is shown by a letter first printed in Mr. Holland Rose's last volume. Two legacies have poisoned all our educational plans and arrangements ever since. One is the legacy

of this quarrel; the other the legacy of the old view that all that was necessary, or indeed desirable, was to give the poor enough instruction to enable them to fill their proper place with satisfaction to other classes.

We have now escaped, or all but escaped, from this inheritance. Not altogether, for the religious controversy, if it no longer dominates our thinking about education, is still an embarrassing impediment in practice. The past has created grievances, and it may be that some of the money which ought to be spent on paying teachers, if we were looking to education, will have to be spent on building schools in order to redress those grievances. But at least it is recognized now that no society that respects its reputation, or cares about its future, can continue to disregard all the questions that were sacrificed to the religious quarrel. Dr. Addison's articles in our columns have shown what a challenge is presented to the nation by the condition of infant and child life. We have between five and six millions of children in elementary schools of one kind or another, and we have to develop and equip the machinery for their education in the widest sense. Take the matter of health. Dr. Newman's Report shows us that we have begun to build up a hopeful and effective organization for dealing with the physical side of education. The difference in health and physique between the children of the more comfortable classes and the children of the poorer classes is due partly to inherited conditions, but still more to food, air, games, and plan of life. These deficiencies are not beyond our reach, and the school, as a place of education, is the centre from which we can act in trying to repair them. It is not possible to supply every elementary school with the playing fields of Winchester or Rugby, but it is possible to make provision for healthy games, and for teaching children dancing and swimming. Dr. Newman lays stress on the great results that we might achieve in the way of raising the general physical standard by teaching a simple breathing drill and Swedish exercises. Then there is the question of malnutrition. The provision of meals must be regarded as part of a deliberate policy. It is not a concession to special circumstances, but a recognition of the importance of the children and their health to the State. For this reason Dr. Newman deplores the poverty test that has been adopted in many places. The proper basis of selection is the need of the children, not the circumstances of the family. A child whose father can feed him but prefers to drink, is just as proper an object for the care of the school in this respect as the child whose father would feed him if he could. It is essential, as Dr. Newman urges, that the school medical officer should have the right to nominate for school feeding any children found at the routine medical inspection, or on special examination, to be suffering from malnutrition due to insufficiency or unsuitability of food.

There are at present rather over eleven hundred medical officers engaged in the School Medical Service. This service will become one of the most important of all public services. As we develop a proper organization, the school doctor will watch over the interests of the children from birth (or even before birth) to the moment

when they enter on the work of life. By means of mothers' schools, school clinics, advisory committees on employment, the skill and knowledge of the doctor will find the fullest scope for combating disease and poverty. The recognition of the importance of the body of the child is not the only modern development. We are beginning to believe in education. Attention has been drawn in these columns from time to time to the very interesting enterprise of the Workers' Educational Association, and we would recommend to our readers an admirable article in the "Round Table" for March, giving a vivid picture of the spirit of the working men engaged in it. The old idea that education was a ladder whereby a few people might escape from their own class to another is breaking down before the larger and truer view, well defined in this article, that education is the effort of the soul to find a true expression or interpretation of experience, and to find it not alone, but with the help of others, "fellow students." The growth of this new spirit is demanding a new and more generous view of the relation of the State to education. The old idea was that the State ought to supply elementary instruction for everybody, and special facilities for a few, and teachers were given the pay and consideration that seemed natural in a society which looked upon education as part of its police system.

This spirit dies hard, but it is dying. As society becomes democratic in temper, it gains a new outlook on this side of life. The demands of the working classes for a larger share in the benefits of civilization, and a freer life, embrace the arts and experiments by which life is explained and enriched. Circumstances, too, are forcing a more generous view of the needs of education on governments. One of the most cheering paragraphs in the Report of the Board of Education is the paragraph that records that a "very grave situation" has arisen from the deficiency in the supply of teachers for elementary schools. That deficiency is due in part to the fact that the conditions of employment are not sufficiently attractive. The recent strike of the Herefordshire teachers has educated public opinion in the facts, and every far-sighted person will rejoice that local authorities are learning that teachers put a higher value on their profession than local administrators, who are too often thinking only of the rates. For, of course, the spirit of parsimony still survives both in Governments and in local authorities. The pressure of the Admiralty and the War Office is unhappily more powerful and formidable than that of the Board of Education. We have made a great advance in the sense that the problem of education is seen now in its truer form; that, as Mr. George's Budget shows, in its large constructive proposals for establishing and developing the physical side of education, there is to-day a generous and widespread interest in the opportunities it presents for saving, developing, and enriching the life of society. To give effect, or anything like effect, to this new spirit, would demand much larger grants from the State than we are likely to witness; but the Government have acknowledged in the fullest manner that the provision of these important and neglected services is among its most pressing duties.

A London Diary.

It is an old story that Mr. Lloyd George seldom does himself justice in unfolding and explaining a great constructive scheme of finance or legislation. Perhaps his most successful essay in this art was his exposition of the Insurance Bill, and his least successful the appropriately portentous speech in which he launched the monumental Budget of 1909. If asked to assign marks to his latest great oration, I should be disposed to place it about midway between those earlier examples. A rhetorical failure it certainly was not, but neither was it the dazzling success it might have been—for there was the material in it for one of those sagas of finance in which Gladstone's epic genius exulted. Close observers detected an unusual nervousness in the Chancellor's demeanor, due, no doubt, to a natural concern lest his voice should fail under the exceptional strain—a fear which, if it existed, was brilliantly falsified—and possibly also to a too sensitive consciousness of the traditional distaste of the House of Commons for excessively long speeches. Influenced by those feelings, but probably more by the latter than the former, Mr. George sacrificed page after page of his manuscript, and in striving for brevity, lost something in lucidity.

LAST Wednesday's speeches have roused the Die-hard Tories to action, and for the moment their influence predominates. There is a noticeable hardening in the Opposition. Mr. Law has met the Prime Minister again, but it is he who reflects this attitude, not Sir Edward Carson. It is not the people who care about Ulster, but those who see in the Ulster situation the providentially provided weapon for breaking the Parliament Act and the Government, who seem for the moment to have got the upper hand. The "peaceful settlement" movement continues, but its prospect is not quite so bright. And there is another difficulty. The Churchill offer came too quickly, and coupled with the Government's large words and little action on the gun-running raid, inspires the notion that they are still not sure of the Army. This is dangerous, and so is the mood of Ulster. Is Ulster really in the hands of Sir Edward Carson? One doubts it. Fanatics can do a good deal with politicians, but can politicians do much with fanatics?

Not many people seem to have observed the odd little "exchange of notes" that marked the re-opening of diplomatic relations between the Prime Minister and Mr. Bonar Law. Yet the thing was done so conspicuously, albeit with so casual an air, that I imagine it to have been more than half-intended to catch the general eye. At the close of Mr. Lloyd George's Budget statement, and while Mr. Austen Chamberlain was on his feet, Mr. Asquith scribbled something on a half-sheet of note-paper, and tossed it across the table to the Opposition leader, who, after reading its contents with a nod of assent, scribbled a reply on another half-sheet of note-paper, and this being thrown in turn to Mr. Asquith, was read by the latter with a gesture precisely similar to Mr. Bonar Law's. One could scarcely describe the incident as a dramatic or affecting scene of reconciliation,

but, such as it was, it sufficed. Next day the rival leaders met.

I AM not surprised at the Liberal outcry against an autumn Session, though I am bound to say that it ill accords with the new system of payment of members. It has nothing to do with opposition to the Budget. It is simply the bitter cry of the "business man." This is a plaint with which the Whips are conversant enough. The difficulty affects the life of this Parliament, and will greatly change the character of the next. Men of business are dropping out right and left, alleging the impossibility of fitting in their lives with the vocation of the modern M.P., tied for a great part of the day and night to the Whips' telephone—in these days he must never be long out of earshot of it—and bound to the Parliamentary oar for three-fourths of the year. Flesh and blood—or rather the flesh and blood of the member who is half-politician and half man-of-business—cannot stand it, and has revolted against it. The Parliaments of the future will therefore be more and more made up of professionals, men with some property and small resources, but with politics as their real concern in life. A swarm of "carpet-bag" candidates is the first sign of this new phase. Out of this ability and force and a new tradition of public service will develop; but there will be an immediate loss of experience, and Committee work will not be as well done as formerly.

THE late Duke of Argyll lived under an unlucky star. He began life well, seemed intellectually promising, and his boyish beauty, sweet temper, and ingenuousness won many hearts. But little fruit came from the blossom. It would be hard to imagine a more futile position than that of a young aristocrat married to Royalty and poised uneasily between two spheres, for one of which he was a little too high while for the other he was a little too low. Gossip probably exaggerated the discontents and humiliations of the position, but they existed. Nor did the Duke's character develop as it was expected to do. He had his able father's bristles but without their point. He wrote poems that were not poetry, plays that were not drama, books that were hardly books. He made speeches in abundance, and often of a singular infelicity. He was not brilliant in conversation, and it was, indeed, difficult to affix a definite mark to his personality. It was not stupid, not clever, not wise, not foolish. It simply did not arrive.

MR. SYLVESTER HORNE's death is a tragedy of over-work, for he was young in years and in appearance, and his gifts of speech and of what one might call spiritual organization were at their prime. With him London loses a great exchange of thought and feeling. I suppose nothing like the Sunday afternoons at Whitfield's has ever existed or is likely to exist again—the great masses of serious faces, the impassioned interest in life they revealed, and the zeal and fire and brotherly feeling of the man who brought them there and held them together. Here, indeed, was a true religious development such as the age cries out for. I always thought it a pity that Mr. Horne exchanged this indirect influence on affairs for the maimed voice of a private member of

Parliament. There his charm of manner and address gave him, indeed, an audience, but not the kind of mastery that belonged to his work at Whitfield's.

I SEE the "Life of Canon MacColl" says a good deal of his association (on the side of correspondence an extensive one) with the great Lord Salisbury. It was a very useful connection, for this wonderful little Scotsman, with his incessant activity of mind and energy of spirit, his passion for controversy, his learning, and his bull-dog way of worrying at a subject till he had *got through* with it, did more than any person in this country to kill the pro-Turkish tradition of our foreign policy. On this point he really won Lord Salisbury's ear as well as Gladstone's, for at bottom the two men thought alike, and MacColl's knowledge and persistence and journalistic skill helped to keep them together. The point of contact was their High Churchmanship, and that, again, made MacColl an excellent go-between. It was possible to think him a bore, for his persistence was terrible; but he was too much of a paladin, and on another side of him too much of a gossip, really to stand for that ancient affliction of mankind.

PORtUGUESE Republicans do not seem to take much stock in the Royalist conspiracies which usually begin and end with the importation of arms. "What do arms matter so long as they don't import tomatoes," said a scornful Portuguese wit the other day. "Tomatoes" is a rather coarse colloquial synonym for "pluck."

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE MIGHTY ATOM.

THE common complaint against those Utopias which profess to keep within the range of human possibilities is that they shirk the difficulties of "the transition period." In the latest of his excursions into speculative sociology, "The World Set Free" (Macmillan), Mr. H. G. Wells grapples boldly with these difficulties, focussing all his inventive and literary skill upon the process of transition. The game is a very fascinating one. Our age, like every other, is teeming with points of growth, physical discoveries, new ideas and faiths, economic and political stresses and experiments, notions about fighting, food, sex, and the easing of the conflicts they involve, the creative energy of mankind breaking new ground along a hundred lines of advance. To seize and select, from this confused medley of clamorous and conflicting facts and tendencies, those which are really critical and determinative in the direction of transitional events and the making of the pattern of the new social order of to-morrow, calls for that conjunction of sensitiveness and audacity which is the peculiar quality of Mr. Wells.

It was in 1933 that Holsten, taking up the problem of radio-activity where Ramsay, Rutherford, and Soddy had left it, first set up atomic disintegration in a minute particle of bismuth, and soon, by a series of following experiments, succeeded in tapping the practically infinite stores of atomic energy. During the next two decades the main drift of inventiveness was applied in carrying this new discovery—equivalent in human significance to the invention of fire itself—from the laboratory to the workshop and in making it available for the service of man. Its first general application was in the realm of

transport where it quickly ousted coal and liquid fuel from the road and railway, and lifted aviation into safety by the enormous increase of power for weight of the atomic engine. Then began the invasion of industrialism. Here was a new power, easily capable of relieving all mankind of its burden of laborious toil, and of enabling it to ensure full satisfaction of all material wants with a trifling expenditure of skilled guidance.

But, as a century before, physical invention had shot far ahead of human organization. The society of 1940 was no better adapted to the use of atomic energy than that of 1840 to the use of steam. Politics and education, the arts which ought to have prepared society for the great change, were still lingering in an era of fumbling empiricism, verbal superstition, and warring factions. Social arrangements were felt to be utterly behind the requirements of the time. "The absurdities of courts and the indignities of representative Parliamentary government, coupled with the opening of vast fields of opportunity in other directions, had withdrawn the best intelligences more and more from public affairs. The ostensible Governments of the world in the twentieth century were following in the wake of the ostensible religions. They were ceasing to command the services of any but second-raters." Politicians, lawyers, educationalists, not merely failed to make provision for the mighty atom, they put every barrier of blind perversity and superstition in its path. At a time when free, swift, peaceful adaptations of laws, institutions, and human relations of every sort, were needed to utilize the atom for the freedom and enjoyment of mankind, the fissures, conflicts, and rival interests of property, class, nationality, with their patent rights and legal privileges, their territorial limits and their rules of ownership, lay across the path of progress.

What happened was a repetition on a vaster scale of the misery and dislocation of the earlier Industrial Revolution. Atomic power fell into the hands of audacious companies of business men who, armed with special patents, plunged into the various industries, dealing destruction to the established order. "The coal-mines were manifestly doomed to closure at no very distant date, the vast amount of capital invested in oil was becoming unsaleable, millions of coal-miners, steel-workers upon the old lines, vast swarms of unskilled or under-skilled laborers in innumerable occupations, were being flung out of employment by the superior efficiency of the new machinery, the rapid fall in the cost of transit was destroying land-values at every centre of population, the value of existing house property had become problematical, gold was undergoing headlong depreciation, all the securities upon which the credit of the world rested were slipping and sliding, banks were tottering, the stock exchanges were scenes of feverish panic; this was the reverse of the spectacle, the black and monstrous under-consequences of the Leap into the Air."

This mal-adjustment between scientific progress and human arrangements finds its most terrible dramatic expression in the atomic-bomb. The Devil seizes the new fruits of knowledge, turning them from productive to destructive ends. The nations, as human units, have lavished far more thought and skill upon efficiency in the arts of war than of peace. The lurid realism of Mr. Wells finds characteristic expression in his story of "The Last War," where the aerial scouts drop atomic-bombs upon the hall in which Marshal Dubois, General Viard, and the Earl of Delhi are playing the game of world-supremacy against the Central European Power. "A moment or so after its explosion began it was still mainly an inert mass, exploding superficially, a big, inanimate nucleus wrapped in flame and thunder. Those that were

thrown from aeroplanes fell in this state, they reached the ground still mainly solid, and, melting soil and rock in their progress, bored into the earth. There, as more and more of the Caroline became active, the bomb spread itself out into a monstrous cavern of fiery energy at the base of what became very rapidly a miniature active volcano." Since others could play at this game, all the great centres of government and population were targets for these terrific missiles and became areas of conflagration and destruction.

The horror of this new situation, as soon as it is realized, forces mankind back upon its reserves of sanity, and order emerges from the recoil. The great French philanthropist and diplomatist, Le Blanc, gathers together the rulers of the earth into a momentous conference above the town of Brissago, on Lake Maggiore, and there the young idealist, King Egbert, proposes the renunciation of all national sovereignty, and the substitution of the World-State. So from the extremity of fear arises peace. "The establishment of the new order that was thus so humanly begun, was, if one measures it by the standard of any preceding age, a rapid one. The fighting spirit of the world was exhausted. Only here and there did fierceness linger. In long decades, the combative side in human affairs had been monstrously exaggerated by the accidents of political separation. This now became luminously plain." The smoothness of the transition is artistically blurred by an exciting incident, in which the last survivor of medievalism, the "Slavic Fox," King of the Balkans, is foiled in a final desperate attempt to secure world-sovereignty for himself by means of a secret storm of atomic-bombs.

Then arose, by a sort of natural compulsion, the new World-Government, in the first instance vested in the accepted arbitrary leadership of the group of personages whose combination of status, intelligence, and goodwill had foisted them into the seat of control. Mr. Wells, in truth, gives very little information about the concrete processes of making the new order, the work of salvage following the wreckage of the old order. He regards it as proceeding from a moral necessity, and solves, by a swift appeal to reason, the difficulty which has proved fatal to most Utopias. This economic-moral crux has always been the need for getting men to undergo the hard and painful toil which, even with the most intelligent control of Nature, has underlain the supply of the necessities of life. Now atomic energy, once harnessed to the service of man, would not only liberate him from all painful toil, but would radically change his attitude of mind and heart, the complex of thoughts, feelings, and valuations that constitute his character. "The old tendencies of human nature, suspicion, jealousy, particularism, and belligerency, were incompatible with the monstrous destructive power of the new appliances the inhuman logic of science had produced. The equilibrium could only be restored by civilization destroying itself down to a level at which modern apparatus could no longer be produced, or by human nature adapting itself in its institutions to the new conditions." The united push and pull of this moral necessity would force human nature on to the higher level, not by a miraculous enhancement of intelligence and goodwill, but by a selection of the existing human qualities adapted to the new order, and a rejection of those which are rendered useless and obstructive. Mr. Wells, like William Morris, believes mankind to be possessed by a passion to make things. It only needs this little discovery of how to tap atomic energy to make this creative passion dominant throughout the life of man, pouring into every channel of creative art, not only the finer arts but the coarser arts as well, and even subduing to its human purposes the

dominating art of politics, which in its present condition is nothing better than "a partisan interference with the ruling sanities of the world."

WHERE EVERY PROSPECT PLEASES.

So every health resort and watering place may now clap on a penny rate to puff its beauty. In spite of Mr. Herbert Samuel's protests, the Bill was passed by a majority of 157 a week ago, and Yarmouth, Margate, and Clacton may cast aside whatever veil of modesty they possessed. Up to a limit of a penny in the pound, they may plunge headlong into vanity, and advertise their charms on every hoarding throughout the land. They were not born to blush unseen, and now, within the confines of their statutory income, they may blush in the public gaze. Mr. Samuel feared a grasping rivalry in beauty's fond display. He feared that jealous passion of the form despised which has been known to inhabit even celestial hearts. He feared lest smaller beauties, impatient at the airs of domineering neighbors, would clamor for a finer show—a twopenny colored rate against the penny plain. No doubt he can judge the whimsied fair, and estimate the rapacity of the flattering mirror's rage. When Parliament allows one to execute a portrait of oneself, who wants to spare the paint? It is all very well to pray some power to give us the giftie of seeing ourselves as others see us; everyone prays far more heartily that upon others should be bestowed the giftie of seeing us as we see ourselves. And that way twopence lies—twopence in the pound from every ratepayer. Yet the House would not listen to Mr. Samuel's experience of vanity. In their innocence, believing that beauty draws us by a single hair, they voted the penny rate and trusted to the good sense of the average plain man to keep it at that.

One health resort or watering place already enjoys the right of proclaiming its beauty not merely at a penny rate, but at a twopenny. It alone of English towns has enjoyed that right now for thirty-five years. It has grown middle-aged in vanity, but still holds the mirror up, if not to Nature, at least to the sort of thing that people like. It is, perhaps, a little unfortunate that this favored town should be Blackpool. "In God's name, don't let us have any more places like Blackpool!" cried Mr. Pringle with profane and wounding eloquence during the debate. He was misguided, for it is not the mirror that makes the man, or even the woman. The mirror at best can only lie, and it was for purchasing mirrors that the twopenny rate was permitted. Far worse, to our mind, is the use to which Ireland has turned the permission for a penny rate which she obtained as an instalment of Home Rule in 1909. We suppose that the poster to be abhorred in all our stations is the result. There we behold a golfer—an Englishman in an obsolescent red coat—displayed over the whole green map of Ireland, from Dublin to Connemara, from Ulster down to Cork, damning the consequences as he swings his club. The creature is Mr. Broadbent incarnate. See him stand, obtuse, insensate, regardless of all feelings but his own good health, and forty-eight inches round the chest! The very symbol of the Saxon invasion and ascendancy. What is the good of singing "A Nation once again," or inditing passionate addresses to the "Rose of all Roses, Rose of all the world," if that is the best that the holy island can do with its penny rate?

To be sure, the poster may be a railway advertisement. We have so many railway advertisements now that the borough councillors will have a business to cut them out. On one side we behold a genial fisherman with wide-extended arms, crying irresistibly to every

child: "The sea is calling you!" On another the boys and girls have come to these yellow sands, taken hands, curtsied, and even kissed, while the wild waves are seen wisting in the background. Or we are shown Cornwall and Italy balancing each other, like straddled legs, equal in beauty, health, and fame. Or we behold Shakespeare's bust framed between his birthplace and Anne Hathaway's cottage—"plenty of room for the gigantic brain," as the old guide used to ask visitors to observe, while he rubbed his finger over the dome of skull. Time would fail to enumerate the brilliant similitudes of Scarborough, Whitby Abbey, and Brighton pier that make our stations very like the Royal Academy walls, and lucrative beside. Even lovely Lucerne, charming Boulogne, and other foreign places stand mirrored before us as, with hesitating hand, we buy our monthly tickets. It is a lamentable truth to people like Sir Frederick Banbury, who in the debate boasted he had never deigned to touch a foreign soil since 1873.

Such rigid patriots as he may fall back upon the posters of London herself. Here, beside a Hampstead pond, two dear children, with grapes in their hair, but otherwise rather scantily clothed for the County Council's approval, pipe and sing unto us that "The Spring has come," while, precariously balanced on a water-lily instead of a log, an admiring frog listens enraptured to their lay. Other pictures demonstrate what opportunities London affords for the acquisition of scientific knowledge. At the British Museum we may observe the habits of pigeons. At Wanstead Flats we may watch the herons build. At Richmond our heart may feel itself in the Highlands a-chasing the deer, as every heart, outside the Vegetarian Society, always longs to be. And at the Zoo the whole world of biological knowledge and imaginary sport may be ours for a penny Tube plus sixpence.

Against the pictures of these charms the County Councils with their penny rate will, as we said, have a business to contend. One omission in the Bill we are inclined to regret. Why should health resorts and watering places have it all to themselves? The limitation appears to show an ignorance of modern thought and habits. Can we suppose that our vast "hives of industry" will stand quiet under the assumed superiority of Wait-on-Sea, lately built in honor of the Prime Minister? Already we foresee gigantic posters of another kind—vast representations of chimneys belching smoke, whirling wheels of the pitshaft, or streams of glowing metal pouring from the blast furnaces into pigs, battered to use by the falling trip-hammer, passed through the sizing holes, and cut into hot lengths by the hydraulic shears. Over the pictures we see written, "The mines are waiting for you"; "Come to Sheffield, and hear the still, sad music of humanity"; "Come to Halifax for a happy day"; "Buzzers in action five times in the twenty-four hours"; "Mill-hands may be viewed with security every morning and evening"; "Special facilities for the Fabian Society."

There should be no limit to the honorable patriotism of localities. Every Borough Councillor longs in his heart to emulate the famous Councillor of Leeds who, speaking to a resolution for putting a gondola upon the lake, moved they should acquire two gondolas, a duck and a drake, so that they might raise a family and not be beaten by Bradford. In many ways we foresee an increase to the gaiety of the nation under this Bill. And if, in spite of Mr. Pringle's prayers, some of our pretty "resorts" are turned into Blackpools—well, we must not be too particular here below. After all, Blackpool is what people like, and prettiness soon becomes a bore. The delight in loneliness, craggy savagery, and the cloud-

capped precipice is quite a modern thing, always limited to a few, and very likely soon to pass away. Rousseau is often said to have created it, but his ideal of wilderness seldom went beyond the fertile banks of Geneva's Lake. Byron had it for a time; Shelley and Ruskin for life; Wordsworth at recurring intervals. But beyond them and their disciples, we can, for the moment, think of no one who was possessed by it—no one who could say that the sounding cataract not merely "haunted him like a passion," as Wordsworth said, but *was* a passion, filling his whole nature with restless yearning.

The mood may well be passing. The passion for the wild may now be despised as anti-social and undemocratic. No one can dispute the reasonable force of such objections. But for those of us who cannot so easily divest ourselves of ingrained thought, and who, as Ruskin said, would rather meet a black-headed gull than even Dr. Johnson in the Hebrides—for those whom oceans of ginger-beer and sprats would not console as the motor char-à-banc stinks through Borrowdale—what now remains? Only a superior Stoic could enforce on himself an altruism, taking comfort in the thought how jolly the trippers are: and the Stoic's doctrine was magnificent, but it was not peace. We can only hope that, so long as we live, a few insignificant and unmelodramatic places may continue beneath the notice of local patriotism's penny rate advertisement. The worst of it is that no artifice can preserve such places. Buy up the Lakes as a "beauty-preserve," call them a "National Park," and instantly all their glory fades. What is the Yellowstone but a bigger Zoo? And if, as is rumored this week, the Russians intend to convert their subject province of the Caucasus into a similar "park" for the preservation of wild beasts, who will care to track the shaggy brown bison again, or the ibex of Daghestan, superb with ringed and shiny horns? The best that can happen is that this new-fangled passion for the wilderness will again die out for want of what it fed on, and then all mankind can unite in the passion of kiss-in-the-ring upon well-advertised beaches. "Join in one embrace, ye millions!" sang Schiller in his Hymn to Joy; "this kiss to all the world!" It is a finely catholic salutation.

ON TOLERATION AND THE TURK.

THERE is nothing that so surely enshrines the past in a living balm of piety as a monastery. It is in the critical spirit that the true monk locks his door. His treasure is a thing of chance. No connoisseur has gathered or preserved it. It is always the gift of hazard that some random affection or antique habit has made precious. Here it is a priceless manuscript that a carved chest contains, there a chased salver, and again some pitiful relic that survives only to commemorate credulity and superstition. We recall a curious monastic treasure which in itself summed up a whole world of ambiguous yet beautiful sentiment. It lies in the monastery of Rilo on the frontiers of the old Bulgaria. There is much that is curious and beautiful around it. The mountains have made for it a narrow hermit's cell with their towering walls of greenery, their spires of living rock, their rippling streams that are a ceaseless call to prayer. The white-washed masonry with its reminiscences, now of the Venetian and again of Byzantine architecture, are solid tomes of history. Like the memories of the monks, it is a chronicle of revolt and brigandage, of plotting and massacre. The treasure is that rarest of all relics, a memento of tolerance, the gift of a fraternity which could overstep race and creed. It is a great candle, such as men of all religions have loved to burn at their altars, presented to this Christian monastery by one of the

more glorious Sultans of the House of Othman. Nor is its message inarticulate. Among the treasured manuscripts of the place is a letter in which this tolerant Turk assured the monks of Rilo of his regard and protection, and bade them pray for him at the altar to which he sent his gift. Rilo in the centuries to come was to be the centre of many a savage struggle between Christians and Turks. Here the bands were sheltered and armed which set out with fire and sword for the liberation of Macedonia. Hither the refugees fled with their tales of horror, from its devastated villages, when revolution had brought in its train the usual reprisals of alarmed authority. Crusade provoked jihad, and outrage was answered by massacre, but still, amid the angers and fanaticisms, these candles stood in Rilo to recall the good deed of the tolerant Sultan. There was nothing insincere in their tolerance, nor has time made it obsolete. The Turks were and are a tolerant people.

It is a book in defence of the Turks, not too accurate in its facts, and far from tactful in its polemics, which has reminded us of Rilo. In "Turkish Memories" (Heinemann), Mr. Sidney Whitman is concerned largely with Abdul Hamid and the Armenian massacres. He is a partial historian, and his competence to write on Eastern affairs may be judged from the fact that he supposes the Armenians to belong to the Greek Orthodox Church (p. 20). But the book, superficial and but moderately interesting as it is, makes one point which is worth considering. Mr. Whitman, travelling through Armenia to investigate the atrocities as a personal friend of Abdul Hamid, with Palace officers at his side, and Kurdish cavalry for his guard of honor, was impressed by the fact that everywhere on the hillsides of this country which Turkish fanaticism was supposed to have devastated, he saw the churches and monasteries of the Armenians, inviolate, flourishing, and secure. On that impression, fortified by similar evidence, he bases the conclusion that the persecutions and massacres of the Armenians were in no sense religious, that fanaticism played no part in them, and that they were a purely political reprisal for the outrages and seditious propaganda of Armenian revolutionists.

The thesis is not new. It is, indeed, the usual Turkish version of these ghastly events, but Mr. Whitman puts it forward with an uncritical assurance unusual among disinterested Europeans. The Turkish mind is essentially loyal and honest, and when it is driven into untruth, it lies clumsily and badly. This excuse is not clumsy, and it is not a lie. It is in our experience, so far as it goes, the exact truth, and it fails to be a fair account of this hideous social phenomenon not because of what it states, but because of what it omits. The persecution of Christians by Turks never was religious, as the persecution of Jews by Christians or of heretics by the Church was religious. It was not inspired by hatred of their "errors," by anger at their rejection of sacred teaching, by a desire to vindicate the authority of a Church, nor by a wish to save souls in the next world by destroying bodies in this life. Islam, in short, has never earned Gibbon's censure on the early Church; it has never defended absurdities by cruelties. There have, indeed, been cases, even in recent centuries, of forced conversions *en masse* by the sword, but these were always an incident of warfare, and did not occur among populations which quietly accepted Ottoman rule. We so far agree with Mr. Whitman as to believe that if there had been no Bulgarian insurrection there would have been no Bulgarian horrors, and if there had been no Armenian secret societies there would have been no Armenian massacres.

Had the Christians of the Ottoman Empire remained deaf to nationalist aspirations, and turned a cold shoulder to fraternal incitements from outside, they might have vegetated in a relative security as tolerable as that which the Jews of Salonica and Smyrna have enjoyed since they formed under the Crescent an asylum from the Inquisition. Whatever else may be said of Turkish atrocities and massacres, they are not religious phenomena comparable with the destruction of the Albigenses, the St. Bartholomew massacres, or the exploits of the Holy Office. When the Turks persecuted, they were not vindicating dogma; they were securing the outworks of an empire based upon conquest.

The distinction may seem subtle. After all, it will be justly said, Armenians and Bulgarians were exposed to the intermittent sufferings and humiliations which provoked insurrection only because they were Christians, and at any time they might have escaped all danger by becoming Moslems. That is the broad fact which Mr. Whitman's casuistry ignores. Life was made intolerable for progressive and self-respecting Christians, with the result that some of them rebelled, whereupon rebellion was suppressed with massacre. History in such cases may have some censure for the imprudence of the rebels, but it holds the conqueror and oppressor responsible for the whole chain of evils. The distinction which Mr. Whitman and his school invite us to make is interesting only in the world of theory and psychology, but there it is vital.

The simple fact is that toleration, though we continue to use the word loosely, has long since ceased to be the ideal of civilized men. It represented in European history a half-way house, and a middle term between persecution and full civil equality. It was toleration which kept the Irish Catholics as helots under the penal laws, and debarred them from the ownership of land and the exercise of professions, while it allowed them the practice of their rites. It was toleration which excluded the Jews from the franchise, while it protected their synagogues and stamped out the medieval instinct for *pogroms*. It was not toleration, but a Liberal theory of the secular State which opened wide the doors of political and civil rights to Catholics, Nonconformists, and Jews. The interesting fact about the Turks, or rather about Islam in general, is that it was the first and greatest builder of this half-way house. It is not enough to say that Islam is tolerant; it is based on tolerance, it has been the standard-bearer and model of tolerance among the world's civilizations. Its theory and practice had as a corner-stone the permissive existence of tolerated cults, which were not merely allowed but protected. So far from making any effort under normal conditions of peace to convert Christians or Jews, the Moslem ruling class regarded them as permanent castes, designed to persevere in their errors under an inscrutable destiny, as pariahs are destined to persevere in their uncleanness. Their rights were well-defined and rarely infringed. They were governed by their own ecclesiastical heads, who administered the civil as well as the canon law in their internal affairs. They enjoyed the public exercise of their cults and were absolutely free in matters of opinion.

The apologist of Islam is entitled to make the most of the wisdom and humanity which inspired this institution. The Prophet anticipated John Locke by a round thousand years, and the history of Islam is in consequence a luminous and glorious page in the matter of tolerance, when one places it side by side with the records of Christian doctors and princes from St. Augustine downwards. But toleration in the strict sense of the word is an attitude

of contempt. The tolerated sects of Christians and Jews occupied a status midway between slavery and freedom. The early statesmen and jurists of Islam defined it sharply, and practice rather tended to worsen than to better the plight of the *rayahs*. They were in theory an enemy who had made an external submission. They had bought off the worst penalty of conquest by consenting to pay a tribute. They were a subject caste with rights that marked their status of inferiority. They might own slaves, but not Moslem slaves. They might not marry Moslem women. They might not own or bear arms. There was a penalty on a Moslem who killed one of them, but it was never death, and was always less than the blood-price of a true believer. Their evidence, like that of a slave, could not be accepted in court. They might ride mules but not horses. They might retain their churches but could not build new ones, nor even repair their ancient fanes. This was the theory of Islam as its greatest doctors defined it. Its practice as the Bulgarian and the Armenian knew it, was governed mainly by the fact that the Turk was usually his landlord, and that the Kurd and Albanian alone went armed. Toleration bore the same fruits in Catholic Ireland and in Christian Armenia, aggravated, indeed, in the latter by the rudeness of the ruling race and the feebleness of the central government. By all means let us give the Turk his due, but let us make no fetish of tolerance. If persecution has slain its thousands, toleration has degraded its hundreds. The monks did well to keep the Sultan's candles in the library at Rilo. But who shall say that they did ill to store rifles in the cellar?

BEFORE THE FLOOD.

We in the country like to have a good date to swear by. A really good thing of the sort will last us a long time. We can hook on to it beyond the stretch of our generation, by relating what Veyther or Grandveyther used to say happened before the Corn Laws were abolished, though it is more satisfactory to be able to refer to one's own experience, as an old man has just done by telling of the "jubilee" there was when the end of the Crimean War more than halved the price of bread, and sent barley-meal out of fashion. An event like that, or a great wind, or an earthquake, is a date from the very first. It comes from the womb of time marked with portents that no one can deny. But there is a new date coming into the rustic calendar, bit by bit, that may someday become as significant as the Repeal of the Corn Laws, or the enclosure of a particular common. It marks the birth of a child that was not accompanied by portents at the time recognisable as such. We in the country, at any rate, did not expect great things of that child; in fact, we have been and are now a good real prejudiced against it; but we cannot help noting, as its life runs its course, a good many fine things that spring from its birth, and mark its career. There are a lot of little things, and some big things, of everyday enjoyment, of which a short time ago we were deprived, and when we take the trouble to reckon them up we find that the year nineteen hundred and six is the ribbon that divides the better from the worse.

It was with a little surprise that we had the abolition of a large hole in the roof dated back to somewhere near the time when "this Gov'ment came in." It was a hole, we are assured, that you could have passed a kipe basket through, and in wet weather there was no living in the almost half of the house that that hole dominated. But then it was not a house in those old days, for the rent was too high to bring it within the

definition of an artisan's dwelling, and therefore presumed to be habitable. The new Government made a house of it, and a letter to the landlord offering to do the repairs and deduct the cost from the rent brought the tiler down and abolished the hole. It is believed by some that "this Government" wrote to the landlord pointing out that there was room for a kipe basket to go through a hole in Mrs. A.'s roof, and this sort of thing really could not be allowed. At any rate, when the rain patters harmlessly overhead, and the children sleep dry, mother is apt to think about a bad time that began to come to an end in 1906.

Before the flood, there was a palace on a neighboring hill, a rich and comfortable palace, deep in a sweet-smelling wood, with gardens round it gay with flowers and neat with close-trimmed lawns, on which gentlefolk played tennis and croquet. You saw the inmates of this "Sanatorium," as the gentlefolk called it, heaven knew why, sauntering hatless through the woods, turning towards home shortly before certain appetising savors culminated in the ringing of a glad bell for dinner. It was said that they paid five or six guineas a week to be fed and entertained there, and when the servants went out for an airing it seemed as though there were two of them to every guest. Far away from us, and far above us, seemed the palace from every point of view, as it stood in altitude much nearer the sky. But to-day it is an Alma Mater, a familiar thought to us inside and out. One of us on whom death had sketched his felling mark, and who in the old days would have simply been given up as an inevitable early victim, has spent many six-guinea weeks there, has sauntered hatless out from it and round the woods and home again, and now he is a new man, back at his pound-a-week job, and owing nobody anything that will ever be demanded of him.

In the old days, we feared age almost worse than death. Now we look forward to it as a sort of resurrection. The half-dozen certified old people we have are objects of joy, pride, envy, affection, and respect. That counts ten marks apiece for each of them, for in the old days they would have been to us for sorrow, apology, loathing, detestation, and contempt. They would inevitably have been in the "House," and Betty Higden's fear of the "House" would not be considered a caricature in our village. The statisticians said in the days before the flood that one out of every five Englishmen died in a public institution. It was our lot to keep up that average, against the efforts of Park Lane and other places to keep it down. And so an old person was simply a work-us person, who we felt would be rather better dead, on whose account we could scarcely look the squire in the face, because he sent the rates up so, who brought a shame on his family and, because we dislike shame, therefore dislike and contempt on himself. And now the old man or woman is one who, by holding out a good fight, has won a comfortable and honorable rest. We have the luxury of joy in him that lately only very rich people had in their old people. The village shopkeeper, instead of paying rates for him, sells goods to him, and the whole psychology and economy of old age is altered. "How many years is it," asks someone, "that 'e have had the old Dad at home?" "It must be going on for six, because, look you, it was when this Gov'ment came in as things began to be oddsed so."

Even when we grumble, it is by way of compliment to the revolution of 1906. Nobody ever grumbled in the old days because he could not get a small holding. It was known to be as nearly impossible as made no difference, and it would have been as sensible to have grumbled at the latitude. But the new Small Holdings Act comes within measurable distance of giving us what we

want. The number of acres per annum that it wrests from the greedy hands of landlords and half-cultivators is just five hundred times that of the old Act. Still, it takes about three years in our village to get a portion of the land you apply for, and so we grumble. Those who are in waiting grumble because the waiting is so long. Those who have given up waiting, and those who never put their names down, grumble because they find that after all, with a little patience, they would have been the recipients of a miracle. We never paid the other people, who went out in 1906, the compliment of grumbling at their Act. The chances are that we never knew there was such an Act.

The big people who led the opinion and still try to lead it, that the old rulers were the only friends of agriculture, and that Lloyd George exists to grind the face of the farmer, also date many of their benefits rather less than eight years back. In the old days you could see a farmer buying superphosphate by rubbing it between finger and thumb, or estimating the value of oil cake by sniffing at it. Small wonder that crops were sometimes erratic, that beasts took a long time to get fat, and that if any sort of book-keeping was used, some of the cheap artificials that seemed so good to feel and smell would prove enormously dear to use. Now, the percentage of nourishment is stated in the invoice; for only a shilling that percentage can be checked by the county analyst, and the farmer can buy, and see that he gets them, the nitrates and sulphates, the protein and starch equivalents that his plants and animals require. It was no less than right that we should have had this elementary protection from fraud in our business; it is almost incredible that we should have gone on so long without it. You can hardly overestimate the effect of this belated reform, in its tendency to alter our old rule-of-thumb methods into scientific ones.

It would not be true to assert that the landmark of the new order is universally recognized yet. The facts are a good deal counter to our dear prejudices. You can constantly hear it asserted that Mr. Balfour introduced Old Age Pensions, in spite of the vehement opposition of the Radicals. The fable, however, is wearing out. Not the most brazen of lady canvassers will assert that Mr. Balfour passed the Great Budget, which is, after all, rather closely associated with the Old Age Pensions. Nor will she deny 1906 the credit of making the new kind of J.P., a man not qualified by the possession of much wealth or land, but having some sympathy for the landless and moneyless, and some knowledge of how certain shoes pinch. Yes, there are plenty of things to make us look back with gratitude to the year 1906, and forward with quite lively hope to the year 1915.

Short Studies.

JERICHO.

THE table was laid in the courtyard of the inn, and as we sat waiting for the meal, the legs of our bentwood chairs embedded themselves softly in the dry and friable soil. The leaves of the young poplar glittered in the starlight, and now and again a star of white jasmine slid to the ground, or dropped incongruously on the unclean carcase of the innkeeper's dog dozing in sensual abandonment to the luxury of a bed of warm dirt. From beyond the wall of the inn came the strokes of a mattock in a neighboring vegetable garden; the cheery talk of husbandmen loading asses for the market at Jerusalem. A long way off across the waste and melancholy plain

the light of St. Gerasimos's Monastery burned steadily like a faint and inextinguishable spark in a shadowy drift of evil and desolation.

The Scottish minister searched the region of the kitchen with small, blue, restless eyes. The sound of a bell came through the night like the magical tinkle of leaves, like the faintly shuddering note of a buoy rung by gentle and restless waves in the solitary wilderness of the sea. It floated up to the stars, and the novice at the bell-rope knew that angels heard it: it called the monks from their cells into the presence of God. But the minister was hungry, and a large red hand fidgeted impatiently with a tarnished dinner-fork.

We were perfectly friendly, but perhaps at bottom the nexus between us was little more than a wretched economy of piastres in halving the expenses of the journey to Jericho. It was the last fatal stage in the process begun for me in the Temple Enclosure, and brought to a crisis when an obliging hotel-keeper led me among a crowd of pith-hatted and irrelevant compatriots along the Via Dolorosa. "Pilatus Christum tradidit Iudeis ut crucifigeretur." My God! and we were talking of tinted spectacles, and the difficulty of turning a four-wheeled carriage under the Ecce Homo Arch.

The aim of travel is to see what one never hoped to see in the world within and the world without; to become in the process unrecognizable to oneself; and its first condition is disguise. Even "Punch's" Jew money-lender knows this, and clothes himself in tartan and Glengarry for his Highland pilgrimage: but a dreadfully jaundiced suit of glossy khaki is an insufficient disguise for a Scottish minister: is not, in fact, a disguise at all. It announced him (and myself by implication)—almost audibly—as tourists. I saw him on his annual holiday among wraps and light fiction, comfortable in the corner seat of railway carriages; chatty on deck or in the cabin of steamers; capable in tourist offices and hotels; and generally inseparable from the little square box of black leather that ticked off his fleeting impressions of the surface of things. He was telling me now of myrtles in a mist-swept valley, the cream of cows, the eggs of fecund hens. The bottle of Vichy water stood almost empty at his elbow, and as he poured out the remainder and raised the glass to his lips, suddenly a lean figure leapt out of the gloom, and cried with resonant utterance and minatory gesture, "Repent!" And the dog uncurled from under the jasmine bower and sprang barking furiously at the wild ragged man; and a slippers Roman, tired with boar-hunting in the jungles of the Jordan, set down his cup with a curse, and ordered the innkeeper to drive the confounded fellow away.

"They do an enormous lot of harm," he explained to his companion, "these infernal fanatics. Now, that scoundrel will go about disturbing the whole countryside. Queer beggars, these Jews! They'll lie and cheat and cringe as much as you please: but religion sends them clean crazy, and then they're the very devil to handle. Superstitious! They'll believe anything: any damned thing on earth. Now if that fellow were to stand naked in Jordan to-morrow and profess to make a man pure, don't you know, by pouring a little muddy water on his head, the natives would simply flock to him. And, mind you, it doesn't matter what happens to anything else when they've got religion on the brain. Their crops may rot in the fields for all they care; and their cattle shift for themselves. Out they go to some accursed stony desert, and take their women-folk and children, yes, and their sick too, by Jove! with them. Dislocates business and trade and all that kind of thing. Why, I give you my word, I couldn't get a single shirt washed last August, because they'd got one of these preachers on. And the trouble doesn't end there; wish it did. Of course, there's distress if they don't get in their crops; and goodness knows what treason they gabble when they're well out of reach. Why, the respectable Jews themselves don't approve of it: you don't know what disturbances it may lead to, and when they start cutting each other's throats! . . . I always say our mission here is to civilize. . . . Got rid of him, innkeeper? Thanks. And the sooner you bring that dinner the better."

"What went we out for to see?" There's your text," I said, "minister, when you get back to your flock."

It was an injudicious, a slightly malign utterance. What he had seen I knew perfectly well. There are still adventures—spiritual and other—for the adventurous; but for the average child of a civilization which is ingeniously preoccupied with eliminating the elements of hardship, danger, shock, surprise, with forcing on barbarian nature the terms of a perpetual truce, there remains chiefly a monotonous, perhaps tragic uneventfulness. No lion had fled to meet us from the swelling of Jordan; on its banks—those banks the zestful chant acclaims under the immense roofs of cathedrals, between the white-washed walls of narrow meeting-houses—we had put up among the poplars and willows that spring from the brown, alluvial soil—a covey of partridges. They flew whirring away towards the flaked mud flats, the hairy hummocks, the ruins of collapsed mountains, of dissolving brick-heaps, which strew the plain. We had seen the fitting poetic environment of marble caves give place to the mere geological results of physical forces, the sorry and discreditable assemblage of barren facts, deposited there by the ages, as a builder tilts rubbish over a building-site. And of the austere Fore-runner there survived but the echo of a message; of a single peremptory foreword, still repeated far away in the rear of human progress; thrown aside like a rude flint arrow-head by the master-smiths of modern thought, as if one should command to a director of naval ordnance the irresistible virtue of a pebble from the brook. Survived feebly in incredulous hearts; worn to an edgeless smoothness in the traffic of sleek and organized systems and societies; uttered vainly by preachers who claimed as the ally of faith that reason which is always its implacable foe.

We had seen the halting-shed of the Russian pilgrims empty and abandoned as if they would never come back; as if they, too, were weary of their devotion to an impalpable idealism, and were dedicating their fervor henceforth to the cause of political and economic freedom, to the practical issues of the day. And the only figure that came to us across the mysterious river was a sallow and degenerate Greek, a sort of disheartened *apache* with no civilization to prey on, in a grey wide-awake, with a discolored handkerchief knotted round his limp trousers. He knew no language but Arabic; he fetched a carbine and a bandolier stuffed with cartridges, and laid them in the bottom of the boat before he consented to row us upstream.

"Arab!" he said, pointing to the weapon with a timid grin. But no living thing peered at us over the edge of the eastern bank; and beyond it lay the mountains of Abarim, the silence of death; death in loneliness of thirst.

The current flowed deep and strong, and it was not without some secret apprehension of dropping into eternity that we climbed naked over the stern of the boat and committed ourselves cautiously to the symbolic stream. Neither the Minister nor I exhibited any eagerness to explore in that sense the further side of Jordan. And the brown wall of water rolled its weight against us with a blind unfeeling pressure, indifferent to our perishable bodies clinging to the end of a rope, as to our immortal souls; rolled in swirling eddies under the low steep bluffs of crumbling soil, washing the reed-beds and the roots of trees; rolled the waters of regeneration at the rate of 6½ million gallons a day, down to the Sea of Lot, which turns them into salt.

The Minister was not offended by my remark, though he did not reply to it. His thoughts appeared to have reverted to Jerusalem. He said:—

"How fair the fragrant lilies blow
By cool Siloam's stream."

I wonder what the old hymn-writer would say could he see the 'stream' as it really is."

And he smiled a capacious, amused, indulgent smile, an incredulous, wholly Protestant smile, like a derisive flaw in the substance of his faith. And I thought of the

Franciscan father who had stood by me at the Wailing Place of the Jews. He, too, had smiled, but with a difference, with a smile that seemed to say, "See! the justice of God! He puts these disobedient children in the corner once a week in the hope that they may in time become good."

The Syrian innkeeper had drawn his chair to a little distance from our table, and sat smoking and chatting pleasantly. Complained of oppressive taxes; of the Turks, good for wars and women; would that the British were rulers in Palestine, a wish perhaps variable with the nationality of his guests. And we ate and drank and made merry as in the days of Noe; and the Minister finished all the Vichy water and shared my bottle of wine; the ruddy, indulgent Palestine wine that asks no questions and leaves soothingly the throat of the just and the unjust, the drunkard and the total abstainer. But a certain poor Rechabite, in these burning days of Ramadan, had driven us for seven hours under a cloudless sky down rocky steeps and over shadowless plains, and had refused so much as to cool his tongue with a drop of water from the unbelievers' bottle. But the Minister was a reasonable man.

In the late summer the wasps were dying in the corridor of the inn, and to stumble there bare-footed in the dusky light before dawn was to experience a pang as sharp as the sting of repentance. The last day of summer and almost the last of our pilgrimage. Among the broken *débris* of the Western slopes a herdsman and his goats were ranging the lonely and arid valleys; creeping painfully like small black insects in the immense desolation. Dusty, like men whose lives are spent in burning lime, some Arabs from beyond Jordan were going up to Jerusalem; and the sun above the mountains of Moab threw the shadow of a long camel-train on the chalky and splintered shale walling in the precipitous road. And the moving transparent shadows, travelling and changing shape with the rugged and uneven surface, glided like a procession of ghosts in regions of the dead; pressed upwards, crawling slowly, continuously, in silent and melancholy succession, with a suggestion of incurable fatigue; with the unreal aspect of things that have survived their epoch; of grotesque and exhausted symbols long ago discarded by truth. And the sun burst out like an immense red-hot projectile dropped into the ashes of a terrific bombardment; poured senselessly its life-giving energy on an already adjust chaos, dead beyond hope of revival, as if in reality it had nothing to give, neither life nor death nor light nor joy, but simply went on burning because it had caught fire. And in the motionless solitude there was no meaning in succession in time; as if all that ever had happened there were still happening, and what was happening then had happened long ago; the black goats moving out of sight behind rising ground; the hoarse bird-talk of the dry-throated Arabs; the scared camels starting aside; the mocking shadow-play. And like the soul of an indestructible spirituality, a shadow ascended out of the impure ruins of the sepulchral plain, out of the jaws of physical death; a foot unseen pressed the white dust of the road, and a face was set to go up to Jerusalem; but the salient human features were no longer discernible; lost in the illusive halo of apotheosis like a countenance seen darkly against a background of overpowering light.

GEOFFREY COOKSON.

Present-Day Problems.

THE HEALTH OF THE CHILD.

(3).—THE CHILD AT SCHOOL.

THERE are two purposes for which we may use our schools and the machinery for medical inspection and treatment in regard to the physical condition of our school children. It is necessary to keep these two purposes clearly in view. They are, to deal not only with those children who are shown to be physically defective as the

result of inspection, but to maintain the health and to improve the strength of those in whom no defect is revealed. To a considerable extent, the measures which we take in connection with the latter object are also operative with the former. The things which a healthy child requires to enable it to maintain its strength and to develop its bodily powers are not very numerous, nor are they difficult to understand, although some of them are lacking with multitudes of children attending our schools. These things are—plenty of air, of simple food, of play, and of rest. It cannot be said that the children from many crowded industrial districts have a sufficient supply of fresh air. One London borough, for example, has a population of 111,390 people on 657 acres of land, with not more than eight acres of open space of which six consist of disused burial grounds. The children in such a district certainly have a serious insufficiency of good fresh air and of open spaces to play upon. The more crowded, therefore, an industrial area is, the more necessary it becomes that every school should have a good and roomy playground and that it should be open to the children to play on at all times. In many seasons of the year, too, playground classes are as practicable as they are desirable, and the more insanitary and overcrowded the homes are, the greater is the need for them. Up to the present, open-air schools and open-air classes have been chiefly used for weakly children, or for those in whom some obvious defect has been noted. But we should contemplate their use whenever practicable for children who have not been found defective. The experience of the open-air schools which have been established by the London County Council is well summed up in the following extract from Dr. Hamer's report, 1912:—

"The good results of the classes are shown by physical measurements, by the increased spontaneity and mental alertness of the children, by improvement in carriage and muscular tone, and, as is pointed out by several school doctors, by the general freedom from colds and coughs compared with the children in the indoor classes. The factors producing these results are the constant breathing of pure air as opposed to the quickly fouled air of the ordinary class-room, the stimulation of the skin tending to increase muscular tone, and the facility with which school-work can be periodically interrupted by simple physical exercises."

The second requirement of healthy child-life that has been mentioned is an adequate supply of simple food. The need for the provision of it to necessitous children under proper supervision, not only in term times but during school holidays, extends far beyond the 110,000 children for whom school meals were provided in 1912. There is abundant evidence now available to prove the great value of the provision of meals, and the grant that Mr. Lloyd George has proposed for this purpose will not only be a recognition of the fact that local authorities require help, but will provide the Board of Education with the means for obtaining a great extension of the work, and for securing its administration on comprehensive and proper lines.

Properly ordered play and graded physical exercises are often more useful than the multiplication table, and are certainly as essential in the cultivation and development of the child's mental and bodily powers. Entirely apart from the question of air space, the provision of a school for young children without a good playground is, in fact, to a great extent a contradiction in terms. The young child can often cultivate more effectively there than in the class-room those qualities of alertness, attention, readiness to response, and self-control, which are so essential in its full development;—and who can deny that these things are not of more value to a child than a knowledge by heart of all the towns in order on all the rivers of Europe?

The advantages of properly graded physical exercises for growing children, whether they are found to be defective in any respect or not, scarcely need to be emphasized. It is a part now of the ordinary code; but we cannot expect the work to be done as well and as intelligently as it ought to be done until we have secured that our teachers have received proper training in it.

At the present time, instruction in hygiene, physical exercises, and similar subjects is a part of the course laid down for teachers in our training colleges, but the fact that there is a large number of uncertified teachers and of those who have not had a proper training is a serious obstacle in the way of the efficient instruction of children in these subjects. This difficulty is, as we know, largely a financial one, and we must heartily welcome the additional financial provision made in the Budget by which it will gradually be overcome.

As a simple example of the value of breathing exercises we may take the case of adenoids and of certain throat affections. We are told that in many cases of adenoids, an operation may be rendered unnecessary if the child is taught to breathe properly through its nose; apart from this also, there can be no question that a proper habit of breathing would prevent the development of adenoids in a large number of cases, and so avoid the even more serious trouble of those defects of hearing which sometimes follow. Indeed the value of physical exercises in the long run is probably greater from the preventive even than from the remedial point of view.

We cannot look to our schools to do much to provide suitable rest for children, although ultimately a highly useful purpose will be served if in the training of the older girls in infant care and home hygiene, greater emphasis is laid upon the need that children have for proper rest. It is difficult to get at the factors in a complicated problem of this kind; but anyone who will study the conditions of life in many of our city streets, where little children may be found playing about in the passages of the houses or on the pavement until nine o'clock at night, cannot fail to be impressed by the fact that large numbers of them get far too little sleep. The inadequacy of sleep is, of course, mixed up with the housing problem, the wages problem, and with others, but we can at least use our schools to try and secure that the coming race of mothers attaches a greater importance to the provision of sufficient sleep for their children than is apparently the case to-day in many quarters, although we know that, often enough, be the mother ever so willing, she is quite unable to secure quiet and rest for her children in the average tenement house.

Under the stimulus of the Treasury grant, rapid progress has been made during the last two years in the provision of medical treatment. For all that, treatment is only at a beginning. Medical inspection up to the present has been mainly confined to entrants and leavers, but the figures contained in Sir George Newman's reports, show, apparently, that there are at least about one and a half million children in attendance at our public elementary schools who are suffering from some physical defect or other, and they make it plain that in setting out to secure treatment for these children we have embarked upon a gigantic enterprise. There can be no doubt, however, that this is the right time of life in which to undertake treatment. In the first place, it secures that many of the after-effects or extensions of existing defects can be prevented, with a resulting increase in the efficiency of the children we turn out from school. During school life also the child is under methodical supervision, is not a wage-earner, and can, therefore, be treated thoroughly without diminishing the family income. At the same time, we can secure for it those advantages of after-care which are often as great as those of the treatment itself. We are told that there are 300,000 children who present a serious defect of hearing, and if we place ourselves in the position of a parent who is trying to obtain employment for such a child after leaving school, we realize what a great drawback its deafness is. It is difficult to say how many of these cases can be prevented or could be successfully treated without operative procedures; but it must be a very large proportion of the whole. When the deafness is established, the mischief is done, whereas if the case had been properly taken in hand in its early stages and followed up, it could often have been relatively easily prevented.

At the present time also a large number of children who require operative or some other form of hospital treatment have to wait a considerable time before they can obtain it, and we should certainly look, whether in

connection with the school clinics or in some other way, to proper provision for minor surgical treatment.

There is another direction also in which little has been done at present, but in which extension is necessary if we are to limit the numbers of those children who become permanently disabled. Many forms of surgical tuberculosis, such as joint affections, require prolonged treatment under good conditions. Where it can be obtained, it is often strikingly successful, as in many of those who have been treated at Sir William Treloar's Home at Alton. The sum of £100,000 out of the capital sum provided under the Finance Act, 1911, has been set aside for the provision of beds for children suffering from surgical tuberculosis, although there does not seem to have been much progress made up to the present. We probably need at least some three or four thousand additional children's beds of this character, although perhaps some of them might possibly be furnished in those recovery schools or convalescent homes which we should look to as forming an essential part of our scheme for the medical treatment of school children. We may fairly consider expenditure on these services as an investment, for, as they are developed, they yield in increasing measure to the community a return in the way of a larger proportion of our young people who are physically efficient, as well as in a lessening in the extent and seriousness of the defects of many of those who cannot be classed as sound. In other words, we diminish thereby the number of those who are likely to become a charge upon their fellows, adding at the same time to the happiness and comfort of the homes of many of our people.

CHRISTOPHER ADDISON.

Letters to the Editor.

THE CLERGY AND THE CREEDS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your pertinent article, "The Clergy and the Creeds," puts a question which puzzles many Moderate Churchmen: Why has the patronage of the present ministry been used so persistently in the interests of the sacerdotal party? The exceptions are such as to prove the rule. If occasionally a Broad Churchman is made a Dean, it will be found that he either is, or at once becomes, a Conservative in politics; if a political Liberal is put into a theological chair, he is a militant High Churchman. An all-round Liberal is under a boycott: the one statesman on the bench was appointed by the short-lived Rosebery administration, and has been kept for twenty years in a remote and unimportant see. You say that "the bench of bishops, as now constituted, is a hot-bed of sacerdotalism." This is to put it strongly. The Primate is not a sacerdotalist. His speech on the Memorials was admirable; but his vote was deplorable. On this, as on other occasions, whether from timidity, or caution, or squeezableness in the hands of men of stronger personality than his own, he has played the sacerdotalists' game.

Lord Hugh Cecil tells us, in the "Times," that the great majority of devout lay churchmen—men of his own type, though his modesty would not allow him to put it so plainly—are with the Bishop of Oxford in his attack upon the critical position. They are. And here is the answer to your question. Political bishops and opportunist Ministers—I am not using the epithets in any disparaging sense—take the opinion of these persons for that of the Church. This is why the Primate plays the part of a *Re Tentenna*; and why Ministers, honestly anxious to exercise their patronage for the good of the Church and the nation are in fact using it in the interests of a sect. Lord Hugh opposes the worldly and the indifferent—"even in this publican"—to the laymen of the Diocesan Conference type whom he has in view. A Church which included only such members would be a small body; the sheet of Cornelius had a larger content. Only a Pharisee would identify religion with technical religious observance. The Christian Fatherland is more spacious:

" Those He approves that ply the trade,
That rock the child, that wed the maid."

And a national Church, in particular, stands not for the clergy or for pietists, but for "all sorts and conditions of men." By some virtues and more self-assertion, the High Church party has persuaded the authorities in Church and State to take it at its own valuation, and to identify it with the Church. It is a considerable achievement. But it is rapidly transforming the National Church into a sect. So sound a Tory and High Churchman as Clarendon notes that of all classes the clergy take the worst measure of men and of affairs. What is going on under our eyes confirms his judgment. Unless the bishops and those who make bishops will cater for a larger than a sectarian public, Establishment in England will go the way of Establishment in Ireland and Wales. For the function of Establishment is to keep religion in touch with national life. If it ceases to do this, its sufficient reason is gone.—Yours, &c.,

A LIBERAL CHURCHMAN.

May 5th, 1914.

FREE CHURCHMEN AND BISHOP GORE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It may be, as Bishop Gore suggests, that there are some Free Churchmen who will be exasperated at his attitude towards their churches. If so, I think a little common sense, dashed with a little humor, will soon temper their exasperation. Personally, when reading the good bishop's utterances on the standing of Free Churchmen, I always call to mind that he himself, in the eyes of the vast majority of those whom he regards as "Catholics," has no ecclesiastical standing whatever; that, in their view, he is a "pseudo-bishop," with no more ecclesiastical authority than a village pastor; that they regard the Communion administered by himself and those he ordains as a mere imitation-Sacrament, while, doctrinally, they think of him as a heretic, with no more authority to teach than a Salvation Army "Captain." And the little body of Anglicans for whom he speaks are the Ishmaels of Christendom, repudiated by "Catholicism" and Protestantism alike. The final touch of irony is added to the situation by the fact that even among the "Ishmaels," Bishop Gore is suspect. When I listen to the teaching of "Catholicism" from some young "cleric," just escaped from a diocesan seminary, I may perchance feel exasperation. When I listen to it from Bishop Gore, I am rather influenced by the pathos of the situation, and am much more inclined to pity and wonder.—Yours, &c.,

ARNOLD STEPHENS.

9, Stafford Road, Brighton.

THE HEALTH OF THE CHILD.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Dr. Ronald Carter seems, in his letter of last week, to overlook a very important point in his criticism of medical treatment centres for babies and children under school age, in which it is proposed that treatment should be given for minor ailments. He speaks of preventive measures; but preventive measures applied to the individual can never stop short of treatment. The experience of dealing with infectious disease from a preventive standpoint shows that clearly enough. It is comparatively rare—so rare as almost to warrant saying that it is unknown—to find babies and young children in our poor urban areas who are healthy and strong and have no ailments at all. To keep them healthy and strong requires constant treatment of minor ailments. In fact, one would not be inaccurate in saying that preventive medicine in regard to these children meant the continual prevention of small ailments growing into great ones.

Thus, the presence of baby consultations has, if anything, increased the need of such centres, for at these the mothers learn the need of having small matters, previously neglected, attended to at once.

North Kensington gives a very interesting proof of this; for, in spite of several baby consultations, the baby clinic in Telford Road has a weekly attendance on the three doctor's afternoons of 150 to 170 patients, and every day the nurse is occupied in carrying out directions for dressings, syringes, &c.

The success of the two and a-half years' work of this clinic, which is a medical treatment centre for babies and

children under school age, led the Women's Labor League, which had founded it, to extend their work last year into a national campaign for the establishment of such centres all over the country, assisted by Government grants. These grants have now been promised, and a great extension of work may be looked for.

The League urge that in establishing these centres, the following points are especially important:—

1. That the centres should be near the homes of those served.
2. That the times at which the doctors attend should be arranged for the convenience of the mothers.
3. That attendance should be free, and mothers encouraged in every way to come whenever they think it advisable, and not to wait until a child is seriously ill.
4. That the doctors should treat the mothers as they treat private patients—i.e., that they should make every effort to explain the nature of the illness and the method of treatment, so that the mothers may co-operate with them in the most efficient way in bringing about a cure.
5. That dental treatment should be available, as well as medical treatment and minor surgery.

The League looks forward to a time when these clinics will be part of a well-organized service, including municipal hospitals, with indoor treatment and all needed highly specialized departments, to which cases may be referred, and when school and baby clinics, maternity centres, and any other local needs may be provided in one well thought-out scheme.

In the meantime, we are ready to take everything towards that end which we can get.—Yours, &c.,

MARION PHILLIPS.

(General Secretary, National Women's Labor League.)
May 6th, 1914.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have read with much interest Dr. Addison's article in last week's NATION, and Dr. Ronald Carter's letter this week.

The question of how far schools for mothers and infant consultations should undertake treatment is at the present time much debated. The matter has claimed much thought on my part, as I am honorary medical officer to a large Infant Consultation Centre in North Kensington (Lancaster Road), with a weekly attendance of over 100.

I believe that by far the best results are obtained by treating minor ailments at the mother's school. By minor ailments, I mean departures from health, such as an ordinary working-class mother would consider too trivial to warrant the expense of a doctor, or the time spent in attending hospital. If there is not some means by which such minor ailments may be treated at the school, they remain untreated until they finally lead to definite illness. In order that infant consultations may be truly "Preventive" in their scope, these small ailments should be set right before their continued neglect lowers the vitality of the child, and ultimately lead to disease.

Schools for mothers should not be used as hospitals where sick children are taken for treatment, but, on the other hand, when a child is in regular attendance at the school and some minor ailment arises, it should be possible there and then to attend to the condition.

Definite disease and surgical conditions are, of course, outside the scope of a mother's school, which is educative and preventive in its work, and not primarily a therapeutic. —Yours, &c.,

WINIFRED WARNER.

Hill House, Chalfont St. Giles.

May 4th, 1914.

THE EDUCATION OF COUNTRY GIRLS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Will you permit me to state my views on the education of country girls?

I live about a mile from a small village, and only keep one maid. No experienced servant will stay in this lonely place, so I have been obliged to take girls as they leave school, and train them.

My opinion is that fourteen is quite late enough for country girls to leave school.

At that age they are greatly benefited by the change of diet, and the constant movement of their limbs necessitated by domestic service, and I have been amazed to see how they improve and develop after coming to me. Also, the moral training—the method, orderliness, and cleanliness which they acquire under a good mistress—is of incalculable benefit to them. And these things are much more easily taught at fourteen than later, when other habits will probably have been formed.

Intellectually, a girl who has been nine years at school, from the age of five to fourteen, ought to have learnt everything she requires for her passage through life. There are other aspects of the question which help my case, such as the inability of the parents properly to feed, clothe, and house the children, but to enter on these would make my letter too long.

My contention is that the physical and moral sides of education are *at least* as important as the intellectual side, and that these are better served by leaving school at fourteen than by leaving at a later age.—Yours, &c.,

K. M. GUILLOD.

Fair Acre, Graffham, Petworth, Sussex.
May 3rd, 1914.

"THAT MATHEMATICIANS ARE MEN."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your charming article on this most questionable thesis receives an interesting illustration by a letter of Karl Marx to his friend and collaborator, Frederic Engels. On January 11th, 1858, the famous author of "Das Kapital" tells Engels that blunders in arithmetic had caused him so much delay in the labors for his great economic work, that from sheer despair he had set down to run through the whole of algebra again. *Verbatim*, he continues:—

"Arithmetic remained always foreign to me. But on the circuitous way round algebra I quickly get hold of it again."

It appears that Marx, too, was after all a mere man. To run through fluxions and what not in order to get hold of how much six times seven will amount to makes him the equal of such beings as—Lord Kelvin.—Yours, &c.,

ED. B.

Berlin, Schöneberg, May 7th, 1914.

MR. BARRATT AND ART IN ADVERTISEMENT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I supplement your excellent appreciation of the late Mr. Barratt and his work in your current issue by a quotation from an article on "Posters of Yesterday, To-Day, and To-Morrow," which he wrote for our current issue shortly before his last illness?

"There are certain broad principles," he wrote, "principles inherent in all art, which will require to be adhered to in the poster art of the future. Mere eccentricity is always bad art . . . (though) I grant that from such exercises there is often left behind some solid gain to art. . . . The art of the poster painter may be comic or serious, fanciful or realistic, but it must still be art, and good art, to be successful as an advertisement, which is its end and aim."

It is well that for over a generation, both the public and members of the advertising profession have been able to watch Mr. Barratt put his principles into practice, and to see the soundness which underlay them.—Yours, &c.,

HUBERT W. PEET.

Editor, "Sell's World's Press."

"At the Sign of the Sundial."

168, Fleet Street, E.C.

VALUES IN RUBBER SHARES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your "Notes" about Rubber Shares in your issue of 2nd inst., you write about the "leading shares" as follows: "Their market values still capitalize the estates

at £100 or more per acre, and rubber has to be worth rather more than 4s. per lb. to give a 10 per cent. return on this." There is some extraordinary mistake here! Let us take one of the first, alphabetically, of the "leading shares," Batu Caves. This company's estimated production for 1914 is 530,000 lbs.; the "all in" costs last year were 1s. 2d. per lb.; if, then, we take a selling price of 2s. 6d. gross—that is a profit of 1s. 4d. per lb.—we get a profit of £35,333, which on a capital of £26,750 gives a profit of 132 per cent. Now the price of the £1 shares to-day is £11, showing a profit of 12 per cent.—on a price of 2s. 6d.—and this although the capitalized value is about £170 per acre.—Yours, &c.,

INVESTOR.

P.S.—I may add that the estimate will most probably be exceeded, and that the Chairman expects that in 1914 there will again be a sensible decline in the cost of production.

May 5th, 1914.

KURDESTAN AND THE YOUNG TURKS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—After the sympathetic words of Sir Edward Grey, expressing his confidence in the Turkish Government, it is justifiable to emphasize the statesmanlike way in which the Young Turks dealt with the recent outbreak of the Kurds.

The Young Turks had given good cause for the Powers to appreciate the sincerity of their desire for reforms in Eastern Anatolia. It is possible that their earnestness was not to the liking of all the Powers; it was certainly not relished by Sheik Mullah Selim, one of the most constant and vindictive enemies of the new régime. The project of reforms and, moreover, their introduction destroyed for ever his hope of continuing the little activities which distinguished him in the past.

Mullah Selim and some of his followers organized a rising of the Kurds to invest Bitlis, and proclaim an independent Government. The Kurdish insurgents took possession, on the first day, of a monastery and of a hill commanding the town. Martial law was instantly proclaimed, troops were brought up, the Kurds were dislodged from their position, and put to flight. Many were killed; many others returned to Hizan, which is the centre of the agitation; Sheik Selim and three of his lieutenants took refuge in the Russian Consulate. Order was soon restored in the town, thanks, it is readily admitted, to Armenian co-operation. There were, of course, many Armenians who sought refuge also in the Russian Consulate, but the majority afforded all possible help to the Turkish troops, and supported the authorities.

It is rumored—and none would rejoice at it more than we—that the Russian Government has shown marked annoyance at the fact that Sheik Mullah Selim and his followers were given refuge in the Russian Consulate. There is no doubt that, if the matter were raised, the Consuls of the Great Powers would receive notification from their Governments that no countenance should in future be given to fomenters of disorder, and no asylum granted them against the properly constituted authorities.

It is almost useless to remark at this late hour that we were twice offered, and we twice declined, the opportunity to help the Turks in their earnest desire to bring order and security into Eastern Anatolia. We should at least help them now, so that it cannot be said that Britain was a party to turning this desire into ridicule by preventing its achievement. While the scramble for concessions goes on, we seem to agree passively to everything the other Powers are asking from Turkey. We might at least insist that they give proof of their sense of fair play by putting a stop to this right of asylum for rebels which neutralizes the efforts of the Ottoman authorities.—Yours, &c.,

A MEMBER OF THE OTTOMAN ASSOCIATION.
22, Church Road, Barnes.

THE WELSH CHURCH BILL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As you say, for the third time the second reading of the Welsh Church Bill has been carried in the House of

Commons, by the satisfactory majority of eighty-four. What are its present and immediate prospects? Are there to be further concessions, financial and otherwise, to the Establishment? That is the crucial point. Twelve months ago Mr. McKenna gave a definite pledge to a deputation from Wales, that there would be none without the consent and approval of the Welsh Liberal members—i.e., the thirty-one representing Wales and Monmouthshire in the present Parliament. Therefore, what are they going to do, and are they to consent to and approve of suggestions? This pledge of Mr. McKenna places them in an extremely responsible and grave situation. They are aware of the strong and unmistakable attitude of the Welsh people at the moment, as evidenced by the public intimations made recently to them and the Government.

Having regard to the incident of the surrender of the Queen Anne's bounty and the Parliamentary grants, and the way the Welsh M.P.'s capitulated to Mr. McKenna, it is not surprising that a considerable apprehension exists lest they should repeat that action and give way to suggestions. The Welsh Liberal M.P.'s must recognize that, chiefly, this question is their *raison d'être* in Westminster. There is much wire-pulling and canvassing by the Church party in influential quarters, apart from the scandalous methods adopted in Wales to secure subscribers to their petitions. To some of us there is something oppressive to have to continue discussing the subject which has been so much threshed out. Consequently, it was with regret that we read such elevated and patronising utterances by the Archbishop of Canterbury in London, e.g., "If the Welsh Disestablishment Bill passed into law, a great wrong would have been done, and the next generation of Englishmen and Welshmen would deplore it when it was too late." Great wrong to whom? Very well, the people of Wales are prepared to accept the responsibility and consequences.—Yours, &c.,

HUGH EDWARDS.

Liverpool.

THE GOVERNMENT AND NATIONAL ART.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Well-informed people tell me that the Treasury will be asked before long to increase the sum which the nation devotes annually to the purchase of works of art; better-informed people add that the Treasury, on behalf of the nation, will decline to do anything of the sort.

Has it occurred, I wonder, either to amateurs of art or to his Majesty's Ministers that, without taking a penny from the revenue, but by performing an act of simple justice, it is possible to supplement handsomely the funds of the National Gallery?

It is agreed, I think, that a modern State should subsidize all schools of painting or none, because it is agreed that there is to-day no school so obviously and pre-eminently right as to make all others indisputably wrong. In contemporary European painting, there is no such thing as orthodoxy: there is no one school to which the mass of expert opinion can agree to do homage. In these circumstances, the modern State must either support some vast permanent exhibition, where everyone will have a right to show his work, or it must disestablish and disendow contemporary art, and devote its art-fund to the acquisition of ancient works, about the merits of which there is at least some general agreement.

Now, by handing over to the Royal Academy a large part of Burlington House, the nation is paying, at present, a heavy annual tribute to one particular school of painting. This is unfair to all the other schools: it is also unfair to the taxpayer. If the Royal Academy is unwilling to pay a fair rent for the premises it enjoys, it is the business of the Government to find a new tenant. The money so obtained will be a welcome addition to the funds of the National Gallery.

Thus, by performing a simple act of justice, the Government might do a real service to art. It is as desirable that contemporary artists should compete on equal terms as that ancient masterpieces should be saved for the nation. The present state of affairs is unsatisfactory, because, while it starves the public collections, it is unjust to living painters—not least to the more competent and magnanimous

Academics, who must feel acutely the humiliation of being fed with an official spoon.—Yours, &c.,

46, Gordon Square, Bloomsbury. CLIVE BELL.

May 5th, 1914.

METHODS IN MEDICINE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Accepting your decision that the controversy on "Diphtheria and Antitoxin" must cease, I leave Mr. Paget's remarks to receive their full refutation in another place, and write to ask leave for a brief comment on Dr. Burford's letter upon "Methods in Medicine." I cannot find any suggestions in my own reply of April 4th which bring me under the "pungent criticism" Dr. Burford refers to; but, with the exception of this single obscurity, I am entirely in accord with his conclusions. The British Union, of which I am a member, exists for the abolition of every type of animal vivisection, on the ground that it is inevitably cruel, personally involuntary, scientifically doubtful, and beset with very real moral and physical dangers. In the same way, though from a different basis, we oppose all involuntary human vivisection. By this last I mean all and any experiments on human patients conducted for purposes other than their definite cure, and conducted, moreover, without their knowledge or consent. The point needs emphasis, because there is a sense in which all the art of medicine is one long series of experiments; but this reasonable sense is quite other, in the mind of both doctor and patient, than the sense in which the vivisector understands and uses the word.

Dr. Burford states a truth of huge and unsuspected magnitude when he says that vivisection controversies "open up large questions of public policy."

The policy of endowing the involuntary torture of animals and human beings is a case in point, and it is one which has passed its initial stages. By Section B of Clause XV. in the present Insurance Act, 1d. per person insured is annually taken from the State contribution, and is allocated for purposes of research, and although the Research Committee's scheme was not ready for publication when Mr. Chancellor, Mr. Cathcart Wason, and Colonel Burn recently asked Mr. Benn questions in the House on the uses to which the fund was to be put, there was an ominous absence of denial that "Research" meant Vivisection, and this was the gist of the questions. Hence there is a sum of £62,500 a year to begin with required from British citizenship, and most probably for a most questionable public policy. Then, since August 10th, 1910, the Local Government Board has, I believe, by its Order 51,569, made one form of treatment, drawn inevitably from continued animal vivisection, chargeable to the London rates.

The costly experiments, also, incidental to the work of the recent Tuberculosis Commission amounted to quite £75,000, and the Cancer Research Fund, also, lately absorbed £55,000, and these are so closely associated with vivisection, as, in my mind, to constitute a form of endowment of torture. Moreover, according to the Parliamentary Returns of Experiments upon Animals in 1906, published by Wyman and Sons, the public contributions, direct and indirect, to vivisection must have been considerable, for in that year the London hospitals had 129 licensed vivisectors attached to them; the Lister Institute had thirty-seven. The Brown Institute had twenty-six (enough to make that animal-lover, its founder, turn in his grave!). The Wellcome Laboratories, which supply those large manufacturing chemists, Messrs. Burroughs Wellcome, had ten. The Royal Veterinary College had six; the Joyce Green Hospital had two; and Messrs. Brady and Martin's Pharmaceutical Laboratories had one. Hence the "questions of public policy" are indeed "large," as Dr. Burford says, since vivisection bids fair to be one of the huge vested interests of the future.

With such works as Dr. Crile's, "Experimental Research into Surgical Shock," and the reports of such experiments on animals as those practised by Professor Ernest Starling, and recorded in the "Journal of Physiology," Vol. XIX, p. 15, or those carried out by Dr. Rose Bradford, or the public admissions of such men as Professor Pembery, in answer to Question 14,084, put at the Royal Commission of 1906, to refer to, I do not need further to establish the charge

of inevitable cruelty and suffering to animals from vivisection, especially after the testimony of such pro-vivisection inspectors as Mr. Thane (see his reply to Question 457) and Sir James Russell (see reply to Question 541) before the Royal Commission of 1906.

The importance of Dr. Burford's continued emphatic use of the word *volunteer* in connection with human research, is clearer when one recalls Dr. Burney Yeo's warning in "The Nineteenth Century" for December, 1895, that all surgical operations upon human beings are by no means *voluntary*, or the statement in "The Hospital" for June, 1893, that "the hospital experimenter does not acknowledge a very painful responsibility for results so long as he is allowed to make his *experiments in peace*." Hence I not only plead with Dr. Burford that "the moss-grown methods of research" (which to me means that barbarism—animal vivisection) be abandoned; but I also ask that working men and women shall not be the ultimate victims of medical outrage by vivisectional experiments made upon them or their children without their knowledge or consent.

With thanks for your courtesy.—Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM J. PIGGOTT.

11, Queensland Avenue, Merton, Surrey.

[We cannot publish more letters on this subject.—ED., THE NATION.]

CRIMINAL JUSTICE ADMINISTRATION BILL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR.—The letter which you published on Saturday on the subject of this Bill is likely to give rise to misunderstanding as to the proposals it contains. The Home Secretary accordingly desires me to reply briefly to one or two points mentioned by the writer, who seems to have misread the clauses she discusses.

1. Clause 4 does not, as stated by the writer, confer a power of distraint on goods as an alternative to imprisonment. That power exists already in many cases, and all the clause does is to allow money to be taken under the distraint warrant, instead of the severer alternative of seizing and selling the household goods.

2. Clause 13 provides that persons sentenced to four days' imprisonment may be detained, not in ordinary police cells, but in police cells, bridewells, or other suitable places specially certified for this purpose, such as the Bridewell at Liverpool, which has long been used for prisoners sentenced to very short terms of imprisonment. Sub-clause 4 of the same clause provides for regulations being made for the inspection of these places of detention and the treatment of prisoners. Such regulations would certainly provide for the services of a female attendant where women prisoners are detained. Since 1877 a similar provision has been in force in Scotland for the detention of prisoners sentenced to terms not exceeding fourteen days.

3. Clause 14 effects an extension of the power under which Courts of Summary Jurisdiction already deal with the great majority of cases of wilful damage to property. The limit of their jurisdiction is raised from £5 to £20, and when cases of damage to property between £5 and £20 in value are dealt with by them, the maximum imprisonment is reduced from two years to three months.

4. The writer states that Sub-Clause 6 of Clause 17 gives the Home Secretary power to have a surgical operation performed upon a prisoner without his consent. The clause gives no such power, and does not in any way alter the existing law as regards the performance of surgical operations upon prisoners. It merely gives the Home Secretary a power which he does not at present possess, to authorize the temporary removal of a prisoner to a hospital where such an operation can be better performed than would be the case in the prison infirmary.—Yours, &c.,

Home Office, Whitehall, S.W. S. W. HARRIS.
May 6th, 1914.

THE LAW AND THE SUFFRAGETTES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR.—While politicians are busy making fresh laws, private persons seem to be losing all that bygone legislation has secured to them. May I call your attention to the following case?

Ten days ago—on Tuesday, April 28th—two "suffragettes" were arrested at Felixstowe, because, apparently, the police thought they might have had a hand in the recent fire there. Proof not being forthcoming, they were arrested without warrant, and without warrant their houses were searched; they were examined in secret, and are now awaiting trial in Ipswich Gaol, where they are not allowed to see visitors. Having protested in the only way they could against this amazing procedure, they are being forcibly fed.

This kind of thing is obviously not done with unnecessary publicity; but these are the details so far as they can yet be ascertained. They speak for themselves, and the actual guilt or innocence of these victims of autocracy makes no difference to the comment which right-minded people will make on them.

When such unconstitutional acts of police violence are committed in Russia, they occur in bulk, and we are all duly shocked. But the danger in England is that they do not occur in bulk (otherwise, public opinion would put a stop to them, law or no law), but only in isolated instances, and to insignificant or unpopular individuals; in short, just to those very persons who most need all the protection which due legal procedure can give them. And the public, occupied with Ulster or the Budget, takes no heed, or perhaps is secretly pleased to find the suffragette nuisance being suppressed, and not too anxious to inquire into the precise means of suppression.

I would have liked to appeal to the high principles, great traditions, &c., of Liberalism, but the last three years have made it clear that, though the Conservatives may cling to constitutional methods once established, the Liberal Administration is too emancipated in ideas to stick at anything—whether principle or fact—that stands in the way of its own convenience.

But there is one thing whose praises it cannot dispense with and whose criticism it fears, and that is the Liberal Press. Again and again THE NATION has defended human liberties, at home and abroad, against the opportunism of officials and politicians, and I will venture to hope that it will not let this instance pass without protest.—Yours, &c.,

ETHEL WEDGWOOD.

18, Westminster Mansions, Great Smith Street,
Westminster
May 7th, 1914.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE SUDAN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR.—In your issue of the 11th inst., in a review of Mr. Sidney Lowe's book, "Egypt in Transition," the following sentence appears relative to the Sudan: "Here alone on the earth does the British flag float alongside another."

Has your reviewer never heard of the condominium (with France) of the New Hebrides? The postage-stamps of that dependency have on the left "R.F." and on the right "G.R." May I add that, as in Egypt, there are "mixed courts"?—Yours, &c.,

ANGLO-EGYPTIAN.

Poetry.

CHANCTONBURY.

WATCHING the Wealden quiet, and old roads—

Anderida's time-haunted aftermath,

There dost thou rear thy beechen crest which hath

That utterance of some forgotten god's,

Whose temples are a hundred winds' abodes,

For every mortal foot that leaves the path

Of men below, to hearken ancient wrath

Unheeded pass in eld's faint palinodes.

Yet I—when dusk hath reached thee with its spells—

Climbing alone have heard, nor unawares,

How in man's heart some shadow of God fills

To fulness in that hour the tide of years;

If that be God that goes upon the hills,

To touch their silent nightfalls with old tears.

JOHN HELSTON.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

"The Life of Walter Bagehot." By Mrs. Russell Barrington. (Longmans. 12s. 6d. net.)

"London." By Sir Laurence Gomme. (Williams & Norgate. 7s. 6d. net.)

"London Survivals: A Record of the Old Buildings and Associations of the City." By P. H. Ditchfield. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Roman Ideas of Deity in the last Century before the Christian Era." By W. Warde Fowler. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)

"The Hussite Wars." By Count Lützow. (Dent. 12s. 6d. net.)

"Psychology and Social Sanity." By Hugo Münsterberg. (Unwin. 5s. net.)

"The Story of Dorothy Jordan." By Clare Jerrold. (Nash. 15s. net.)

"The Age of Erasmus." By P. S. Allen. (Clarendon Press. 6s. net.)

"Ritual and Belief: Studies in the History of Religion." By E. S. Hartland. (Williams & Norgate. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Turkish Memories." By Sidney Whitman. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Java and her Neighbors." By A. S. Walcott. (Putnam. 10s. 6d. net.)

"The Hermits and Anchorites of England." By R. M. Clay. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Spring." By W. Beach Thomas and A. K. Collett. (Jack. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Rebellion: A Play in Three Acts." By John Drinkwater. (Nutt. 1s. net.)

"The World Set Free." By H. G. Wells. (Macmillan. 6s.)

"Histoire Générale de l'Influence Française en Allemagne." Par L. Reynaud. (Paris: Hachette. 7 fr. 50.)

"Jean et Louise." Roman. Par Antonin Dusserre. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 3 fr. 50.)

* * *

ELLEN KEY has just finished a new book which will be published later in the year by Messrs. Putnam under the title of "The Renaissance of Motherhood." It advocates the subsidizing of motherhood as the solution of some modern social problems, and argues that the ancient claim of the child upon the mother is the most elemental of altruistic bonds.

* * *

BIOGRAPHIES of the leading characters in the French Revolution seem to be as popular as ever. One of the latest is "The Celebrated Madame Campan: Lady-in-Waiting to Marie-Antoinette and Confidante of Napoleon," to be published this month by Mr. Nash. Its author is Miss Violette Montague, who has already given us the only English biography of the Abbé Edgeworth. Apart from her connection with the Revolution, Madame Campan deserves to be remembered for her work in education. She was one of the first to give a large place to the teaching of domestic economy to girls, and it was this which first attracted Napoleon's attention to her system.

* * *

A FRENCHMAN, writing in the middle of the nineteenth century, predicted in a tone of gloom that "What was a *salon*?" would soon become a proper question for an examination in history. Although the institution was never firmly established in this country, we have had some notable *salons* such as those of Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Boscowen, Mrs. Vesey, Lydia White, and the Berry sisters. Whenever the history of the British *salon* is written—and it provides an engaging theme—its writer will find a good deal of material in the letters incorporated in Mr. Lewis Melville's "The Berry Papers," published last week by Mr. Lane. There are many reasons why the Miss Berrys deserve to be remembered in the world of books. It was to please them that Horace Walpole wrote his agreeable "Reminiscences of the Courts of George I. and George II.," and to them that he dedicated his "Catalogue of Strawberry Hill"; they form the theme of Miss Kate Perry's privately-printed "Reminiscences of a London Drawing-room"; Lord Houghton wrote an essay in their praise; they exchanged letters with everybody of note in their time from Maria Edgeworth and Sarah Austin to Lord Palmerston and Dean Milman; and references to them abound in Moore's and other contemporary diaries.

* * *

PERHAPS the best account of the place which Mary Berry,

the elder of the sisters, held in society is to be found in Thackeray's "The Four Georges." He there writes:—

"A very few years since I knew familiarly a lady who had been patted on the head by Horace Walpole, who had knocked at Johnson's door; had been intimate with Fox, the beautiful Georgiana of Devonshire, and the brilliant Whig society of the reign of George III.; had known the Duchess of Queensberry, the patroness of Gay and Prior, the admired young beauty of the Court of Queen Anne. I often thought, as I took my kind old friend's hand, how with it I held on to the old society of wits and men of the world. I could travel back for seven score years of time—have glimpses of Brummell, Selwyn, Chesterfield, and the men of pleasure; of Walpole and Conway; of Johnson, Reynolds, Goldsmith; of North, Chatham, Newcastle; of the fair maidens of honor of George II.'s Court; of the German retainers of George I.'s; where Addison was Secretary of State; where Dick Steele held a place; whither the great Marlborough came, with his fiery spouse; when Pope, Swift, and Bolingbroke yet lived and wrote."

To this catalogue it can be added that Mary Berry had spoken to Napoleon Bonaparte; had known Madame de Staél and Madame Récamier; had associated with Lord John Russell and Peel; had dined with the Duke of Wellington and Talleyrand; and had entertained Macaulay, Rogers, and the Carlysles.

* * *

THERE is, by the way, a rather odd slip in Thackeray's account of Miss Berry. So far from having "knocked at Johnson's door," she refused even to make "Ursa Major's" acquaintance. "He would have said something disagreeable of my friends and we should have insulted each other" was her excuse. The truth seems to be that her refusal was due to literary prejudice inspired by Horace Walpole. Her devotion to Walpole was only a little short of love. She was the first editor of his letters, and she also edited those of his friend Madame du Deffand—both of which works, it is interesting to note, have since been presented in definitive editions by another woman, Mrs. Paget Toynbee. Mary Berry's other literary labors included "The Life and Letters of Rachel, Lady Russell," "A Comparative View of Social Life in England and France," an unsuccessful play called "Fashionable Friends," and, finally, the journal and correspondence which were published by Lady Theresa Lewis in 1852.

* * *

MR. MELVILLE's book is supplementary to this latter work, and it contains a large number of letters not printed by Lady Theresa Lewis. Among these is a long series exchanged between Mary Berry and Anne Seymour Damer, the sculptress whose work is still visible on Henley Bridge. It must be confessed that Mrs. Damer's letters do not make very lively reading. She discourses at length upon her misfortunes and her matrimonial projects, but the blue-stocking element is too predominant, and Mrs. Damer had neither the art nor the directness of an entertaining letter-writer. Far more interesting than Mrs. Damer's epistles are the letters which tell of the love-affair between Mary Berry and Charles O'Hara, and of the engagement which was never made public, so as to avoid hurting Walpole's feelings. O'Hara went away to be Governor of Gibraltar, and there, in Mary Berry's words, he "trifled and doubted away the happiness" of both the lovers. Readers who wish to learn more about O'Hara will find a description of him in Captain Thomas Hamilton's forgotten novel, "Cyril Thornton."

* * *

Or the famous *salon* at 8, Curzon Street, Mr. Melville gives us some glimpses, but does not tell us quite enough. A lamp burning over the door told when the sisters were at home, and the late Mr. W. P. Courtney describes in "Eight Friends of the Great" how many of the famous people of the time used to stroll there after dinner in the hope of obtaining admission. Almost everybody of note was glad to visit these modest rooms, and in them the foreign visitor could converse with as dissimilar celebrities as Lady Caroline Lamb or Sydney Smith, as Thomas Moore or Thomas Carlyle. The success of the sisters, as Mr. Melville observes, was due to their wonderful tact as well as to the fact that they had no social or political axe to grind. Like several of the Frenchwomen whose *salons* have become famous, they won and held their position without the aids that are given either by birth or wealth.

Reviews.

THE COSMOPOLITAN IDEAL.

"The Confederation of Europe." By WALTER ALISON PHILLIPS. (Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.)

To have a respectable ancestry and a venerable past is thought to be a recommendation for an established institution. Ideals are alone in preferring to be parvenus. It is rather depressing to reflect that the hope which to us still seems remote, fed the dreams of enlightened monarchs in the seventeenth century, and was the commonplace of philosophers in the eighteenth. The case seems worse when we are reminded that once at least it has been translated into fact. One is apt to conclude that a scheme which has enjoyed such patronage has failed to commend itself to the daily will of ordinary mankind because of some inherent defect. That presumption is strengthened when the history of its trial turns out to be a record of failure, a failure, moreover, which leaves us congratulating mankind on its escape from an oppressive danger. It is common knowledge that Henry IV. and Sully were the authors of the ideal of a federation of Europe, if, indeed, an ideal can be regarded as new which had its roots in the tradition of the Holy Roman Empire. All the world knows that Leibnitz and Kant, not to mention Rousseau, discussed it. It was eloquently preached by the early English thinkers of the revolutionary period, and the chief among them was Burke's bugbear, the estimable Dr. Price. What is less generally realized is that it was the working conception which governed the coalition against France in its later phases, and presided at the formation of the Holy Alliance. What Henry of France conceived, Alexander of Russia all but realized, and the union which the Enlightenment had projected was nearly achieved by the Reaction. For the first time the story is adequately told by Mr. Phillips. He has written an elaborate and erudite book, based in part upon unpublished materials in our own Foreign Office archives, and in part upon recent Russian studies. He contributes, by the way, much fresh and valuable material to the understanding of the tangled diplomacy of the Allies during the ten years that followed the Moscow Campaign. But the main significance of his fresh and readable treatise is that it serves as a biography of the Tsar Alexander's idea of a European Confederation—an idea which lived through many phases, and survived the gradual conversion of its author from philosophic Liberalism to the pietist reaction.

The idea of solidarity, when it is put forward by militants who act even better than they think, has a way of conquering its adversaries. The Revolution attempted to convert by the sword, and in the end it mattered little by whose hand the sword was wielded. Jacobins and anointed kings were all of them making propaganda for the essential unity of mankind long before Napoleon was dead at St. Helena. Solidarity can be opposed only by solidarity. By setting out to liberate Europe through a fraternal union of Republics, France linked the Conservative Powers against her; but they in turn discovered in their own alliance the essence of the cosmopolitan principle. Even Burke, who met its enunciation by his opponents with clamor and ridicule, was constrained himself to preach it. "Vicini vicinorum facta præsumuntur scire," he wrote in the "Letters on a Regicide Peace." "The principle which is true of nations as of individual men, has bestowed on the grand vicinage of Europe a duty to know and a right to prevent any capital innovation which may amount to the erection of a dangerous nuisance." Burke, in short, was a cosmopolitan to prevent change, as Price and Paine were cosmopolitans to make it. The text of the Declaration which constituted the Holy Alliance is nothing but a series of revolutionary formulae, duly baptized. "All men," it runs, "are to consider each other as brethren." The three contracting monarchs are to "remain united by the bonds of a true and indissoluble fraternity," to regard "each other as fellow-countrymen," and to govern their nations as "branches of One Family." All this, indeed, they professed to have learned "from the Holy Scriptures" and not from Anacharsis Clootz; but the effect of their study was that Revelation was found to agree surprisingly with Reason.

In point of fact, it was comparatively late in life that the Tsar Alexander thought of looking in the Scriptures for the ideas which he had learned from Rousseau. He grew up in a Court which had imbibed its thinking from the Encyclopedists, and was the pupil as he was also the favorite grandson of the Empress Catherine. His tutor, La Harpe, was a Swiss Republican and an ardent disciple of Rousseau. His friends, who afterwards became the agents and ministers of his idea, formed a cosmopolitan Court in miniature—the Pole, Czartoryski, the Greek, Capo d'Istria, the Roumanian, Stourtza, the Corsican, Pozzo di Borgo, and the German, Nesselrode. As a lad who had not yet anticipated his early inheritance to the throne by the simple process of murdering his father, he proposed to use his power in order to make Russia a republic. He had even so far thought out the plan as to vow that he would himself retire from affairs to some obscure corner when he had established the Muscovite Commonwealth. He did, in fact, so far keep his early vows as to confer a Constitution on Poland. His first attempt to realize the idea of a Confederation of Europe dates from so far back as 1804, when he proposed an alliance to Pitt which was to be its nucleus. The overthrow of Napoleon was to be but the first task of allies. Thereafter, as the memorandum drafted by Czartoryski explains, they were to reconstruct Europe, taking care to avoid any set-back to humanity. Governments were everywhere to be "founded on the sacred rights of humanity," nations were to be attached to their Governments "by making these incapable of acting, save in the greatest interest of the peoples subject to them," and, finally, the law of nations was to be established on true principles at the base of the "European Confederation." Alexander, in short, desired to overthrow Napoleon in order to return to the uncorrupted principles of the Revolution.

Mr. Phillips traces, with subtlety and humor, the influences which gradually transformed his mind. Remorse for the murder of the Tsar Paul, to which he was undoubtedly privy, early drove him to the consolations of religion. The crisis of 1812 was the turning-point for him, as it was indeed for all Russian society. Tolstoy has described the sudden change of mental atmosphere in "War and Peace." The Enlightenment had declared war on Russia by the Moscow Campaign, and she resolved, with penitence and faith, to return to God and her older self. The Marshal of the Court became a Swedenborgian. Alexander, in the summer of 1812, had read the New Testament for the first time, and when the horror of the burning of Moscow roused his imagination and painted the world in Apocalyptic colors, he was easily convinced that Napoleon was Antichrist and the Beast, while he himself was The Man who should be raised up "from the North, from the rising of the sun," to prepare the Second Advent. After his triumphant entry into Paris, he daily attended the prayer-meetings of the Evangelical prophetess, Baroness von Krüdener. Oddly enough, it was two political assassinations (those of Kotzebue and the Duc de Berri) which afterwards impressed his imagination in its sensitive spot, and brought him at length to renounce Liberalism so completely that he even accepted Metternich as his political guide. The evolution was gradual; but if the idea of basing government on liberty faded from his plan of European reconstruction, the conception of fraternity and solidarity remained. Alexander's was a sensitive and emotional nature, but there was in it a stiff backbone of obstinacy and ambitious egoism. He failed in the end to realize his purposes, mainly because, since the idea of a Concert was for him fundamental, he could always be brought to abandon isolated action. British diplomacy early discovered that, by addressing him in the tone of his own ideas, it could contrive to "group" him. His was the typical Russian mind, devoted to abstract principles, and if men flattered it by seeming to adopt its ideas, they could always bring it to compromise over their realization.

The history of the European Confederation, as Mr. Phillips tells it, makes an instructive chapter of diplomatic history. Alexander's efforts to make a permanent concert were wrecked in the end by British particularism. Both Pitt and Castlereagh were always willing to join a coalition for the special purpose of controlling France; but their ultimate ideal was not a concert, but a balance of power. Castlereagh emerges from Mr. Phillips's analysis an unexpectedly sympathetic figure. His standpoint was never anti-

European, as Canning's was, nor did he scoff at the Areopagus. On the contrary, he made work for it, and would have applied it in action to such purposes as the suppression of the Slave Trade. But the English conception of the limits of intervention, and the duty imposed by the "grand vicinage of Europe," was severely negative. Solidarity was an ideal to be realized only in extreme emergencies. One perceived that one had a European neighbor, not so much when his house was burning, as at the final moment of his fraternal agony, when the flames threatened one's own thatch. Alexander, cured of basing government on liberty, desired to make of the Confederation the supreme Executive of Europe. It was to guarantee not merely the territorial possessions of its members as defined by sacred treaties, but the stability of their thrones and institutions. He would intervene to repress revolution as such; Castlereagh would contemplate intervention only when the revolution became aggressive, and overflowed its frontiers in a torrent of menace. Two successive emergencies caused the Alliance, as our diplomacy put it, to move away from this country—the Liberal revolutions in Spain and Naples. By our insistence on the right of these countries to manage their own affairs we broke up the Concert, and, incidentally, defeated the megalomania of Alexander, who was actually prepared himself to march into Spain for the defence of morality and order, at the head of a Russian army. His schemes included the extension of the concert to the New World, and their more permanent legacy is to-day the Monroe Doctrine, which was elaborated to oppose them. The Holy Alliance became, by the withdrawal of the Western Powers, a reactionary clique of three absolute monarchies. The significance of this book lies in the reminder that it really was in its origin a broader and more liberal conception, which aimed at a permanent and comprehensive European League of Peace.

How far does the history of the Holy Alliance tend to damp the hopes of modern pacifists in a United States of Europe? Mr. Phillips lays his facts before us, and leaves them for our reflection. The chief moral is, perhaps, that which he draws. A Confederation, if it is to be a real unity which acts and legislates, seems to require something approaching an identity in the forms of government of the States which compose it. One can conceive a Federation of Republics, or a Federation of legitimate monarchies, but the two can with difficulty be combined; above all, if some of the kingdoms are in a state of transition. It is easy to say that a Federation ought to concern itself only with the external relations of States which retain their internal autonomy undiminished. But it is not always easy to distinguish between external affairs and what Castlereagh described as "internal affairs having an external effect." The truth of the matter is that the ideal of national liberty will always seem to be in fatal clash with the ideal of the Concert—until it is everywhere realized. In other words, the Concert presupposes in the States which compose it a *status quo* which it would be tolerable to maintain. One cannot guarantee governments which exist against the will of their peoples, nor frontiers which include reluctant subjects. This chapter of European history is far from conveying the lesson that a Confederation of Europe is impossible. It is, on the other hand, calculated to set us asking ourselves carefully whether, or, rather in what conditions, it is desirable. A Concert must always be a conservative union. One wants to be sure that the conformation of Europe at the chosen moment deserves to be conserved. If Prussia had an equal franchise and Russia a free Duma, it is possible that Europe would be near enough to an identity of political structure to make the experiment promising. If Alexander had carried out his first dream of liberating Russia, he might have succeeded, also, in his greater scheme of uniting Europe.

THE IMPRESSIONS OF A POST-IMPRESSIONIST.

"The Art of Spiritual Harmony." By WASSILY KANDINSKY. Translated (with an Introduction) by M. T. H. SADLER. (Constable. 6s net.)

THE chief fault that we have to find with the number of books and pamphlets which have lately appeared on the subject of Futurism, Cubism, and kindred movements is

that they are, in the majority of cases, little less incoherent than the art which they purport to illuminate. M. Kandinsky's "Spiritual Harmony" forms no exception to the rule, though in this case incoherence results not so much from obscurity of expression as from the author's seeming inability to marshal his vague ideas into any definite thesis.

We are dragged through a labyrinth of metaphysical speculations only to find that we have emerged at the precise point at which we entered, and after struggling through a hundred pages of abstract theory we are left with the impression that the book really contains nothing which we have not seen more succinctly stated elsewhere, unless it be M. Kandinsky's claim to spiritual leadership. We find the same attack against any art which imitates Nature that has formed the watchword of so many previous movements, the familiar outcry against "conventional beauty"; the same denunciation of the methods of those other exponents of the New Art who belong to rival coteries. For it is worthy of remark that the theories of all these movements which, during the last few years have succeeded each other with kaleidoscopic rapidity, are as sweeping in their condemnation of the methods of their immediate predecessors, as they are of the aims of the upholders of orthodox tradition. Cubist rails against Post-Impressionist, Futurist against Cubist, and Orpheist against Futurist; while the exponent of conventional art, like the mythical Jason upon the field of Mars, sees his enemies turned one against another, and the foes which were to have overthrown him engaged on their own destruction.

Under what precise category M. Kandinsky's art should be placed it is a little hard to say; the designation "Post-Impressionist" has now become so all-embracing in its application as to be almost meaningless, save as a label to distinguish orthodox from unorthodox art. From the constant assertion of the likeness of his painting to music—the translator even proclaims that the boundaries between the two arts have now been broken down—he would seem to take his stand beneath the banner of the Orpheists, but we cannot conceive of M. Kandinsky subscribing to any theories which he has not himself originated. His work must, perhaps, be considered as marking the establishment of yet another coterie, a claim which in virtue of the author's preoccupation with the psychic side of art may well be allowed him.

M. Kandinsky claims the right, though he denies the necessity of the artist to paint "abstractions"—or, in other words, to put upon the canvas forms which, while having none of the harmony of pure decoration, shall neither represent nor even suggest anything of the visible world. This, though it means the abandonment of one of the strongest arguments in favor of Post-Impressionism—that it merely excluded natural forms to replace them by ideal ones which were more powerful in their suggestive appeal, is but the logical outcome of the theory, and is already exemplified by such English exponents as Mr. Wadsworth and Mr. Wyndham Lewis, though whether they, too, attach quite the same psychic significance to their work is decidedly open to question.

The connection between abstract painting and theosophy has, we believe, been suggested before; M. Kandinsky openly proclaims it; indeed his whole book really forms a theosophical treatise, and is couched in that hazy phraseology which is so dear to the pseudo-mystical writer. After all, when one has gone so far as to refuse to paint material objects, it is but a short and rather obvious step to assert that one is actually painting spiritual things. The suggestion, too, which the translator makes in his introduction that Post-Impressionism is but a modern expression of a tradition, kept alive down the ages of European art by scattered and hitherto neglected painters, is strangely reminiscent of the Occultist's claim to the possession of a "secret tradition."

M. Kandinsky is, we understand, the leader of the new Munich group, but there is nothing of the German spirit in his book, unless it be seen in a tendency towards verbosity, a vice to which even his translator cannot remain blind. He is certainly not conspicuous for that erudition which we have come to regard as a hall-mark of German productions, and, on the rare occasions when he descends to concrete facts, he shows little grasp of critical values or of the fundamentals of aesthetic theory. His name, however, suggests a

Russian origin, and in this assumption we are confirmed by his attitude towards Byzantine art, for, to the advanced Russian group, the art of Byzantium stands in the same relation as does that of the primitives to their more Western neighbors.

It is rather surprising to find the reproach implied in the "art for art's sake" catchword, applied to the orthodox art of to-day; to our minds, it would be difficult to find a more perfect example of the doctrine than in this very painting of abstractions which M. Kandinsky advocates. Such ill-balanced judgments are illustrative of a type of mind which would disarm criticism by charging its opponents with the very vices of which its own work forms the most flagrant example. Bearing this in mind, we are the less astonished when, later in the book, we find orthodox art decried as an art which is intelligible only to artists, and the point insisted upon that from such pictures the spectator is turned empty away, his soul unplenished by spiritual sustenance.

M. Kandinsky's book reminds us of the close parallel which exists, at least as regards aesthetic theory, between the New Art and the decadent movement of the 'eighties. There is the same confusion of one art with another; the same apotheosis of music as an ideal to which all art should tend; the same straining after the invention of new forms for the expression of hitherto unrecorded sensations. And this purely negative aim of the abstract artist, whose sole motive when his fingers hold the brush is to avoid putting on the canvas any form which may represent, or even remotely suggest, the human element, finds its almost exact parallel in the symbolist movement pioneered by the French poet Mallarmé. The obscurity of Mallarmé's poems was no defect in the eyes of his followers; it enabled the admirer to detect in them those subtle harmonies which would have been inaudible in verses of a more robust texture. The vowels themselves were found to be possessed of a value of their own, to correspond to the different colors of the spectrum, or to awaken in the soul of the reader sensations equivalent to those produced by the characteristic quality of the various instruments in an orchestra. It is the aim of M. Kandinsky to show that similar subtleties exist in the case of the primary colors, and in such simple geometrical figures as circles and triangles.

Our attitude towards M. Kandinsky's claim is the same as it is towards those poets who pursue the symbolic theory to the point of obscurity. While not denying the existence of these correspondences between sounds and emotions and colors, though, in all probability, artists will not be found to agree as to their precise identification, they form such a subsidiary part of the work as a whole, that they may be safely left to the selective instinct of the artist, who is likely to be diverted from his main purpose by giving them too much thought. To make such considerations an end, rather than a means of art, can lead to nothing but nihilism. Such a position is like that of a man who is so preoccupied with the contemplation of the materials of a building as to be oblivious to its architectural beauties, and would counsel us henceforth to build only blank walls so as to evoke the subtle harmonies of the stones.

SMALL HOLLANDS.

"From the Thames to the Netherlands: A Voyage in the Waterways of Zealand and down the Belgian Coast." By CHARLES PEARS. (Chatto & Windus. 6s. net.)

MR. PEARS has fulfilled two of the most important conditions for the creation of a successful book of travels; he has journeyed under adventurous circumstances, and he has thoroughly enjoyed his experience. The voyage from the Thames to the Netherlands was conducted in a small sailing yacht, and the numerous illustrations from the author's hand testify to a lively and artistic appreciation of the scene of travel. But something beyond enjoyment is necessary for the writing of a book; and the author would have done wisely to have taken a leaf out of the artist's sketch-book, and gleaned a hint or two as to the meaning of composition.

It may be, however, that the palette is a simpler and more satisfactory medium than the pen. A painter who is neither humorist nor poet may, by copying faithfully what he sees, manage to convey some message of significance or beauty; but the most accurate of writers who does no more than empty out the scrap-bag of disconnected trivialities hardly persuades us that the result should be classified as literature. If the present writer were content to confine himself merely to fact, we should be less disposed to complain; but surely the most unliterary should have learned by this time to beware of such airs and graces as "Tell it not in Gath" and the use of the obsolete second person plural "Ye." Mr. Pears is at his worst when he attempts the dialogue form and affects a vein of facetiae or conceits:—

"Now, little lady, you remember the time when you promised to love, honor, and obey him who is this day not going to shave? . . . Well, take unto thyself the tiller, and do thee as thy husband bids, for it is meet that we should not get foul of the many ships that are hereabout," etc.

And at his best when he writes like a painter, with his eye carefully on the object:—

"From nowhere save Holland could come those strange craft that were in countless numbers sailing out to sea. Sprit-sailed, rigged with huge shovel bows, and top-sails cut never so low in the hoist and ever so long on the foot. Sails patched with every shade of tan, those boats were manned by nut-brown men in broad-brimmed hats and bulging blouses. These buoyant craft seemed to handle like toys as they churned up the spray. Dreams of color and quaintness, surely they had slipped right out of the Vanderdecken times."

Holland is the country of little things, of the most durable, if not the sublimest, virtues, and of the tranquil beauties of every day. And it is little things and matters of common experience that our author takes most pleasure in describing. He delights in the shops, the ironmonger's pots and pans, flat-irons, and corkscrews—all of such different design from those in England; paints a Dutch dustpan with sympathy, and talks with zest of a clocksmith's shop in which were displayed "little clocks, whose pulsing seconds set ships rocking on a silken sea." Minute and delicate objects should be dear to all lovers of the Dutch painters; and Mr. Pears's description of the national head-dresses of the women is wrought with appropriate finish. In Zealand alone there are thirty varieties of the national bonnet, and each one tells something of the origin, status, and religion of its wearer. The North Bevelanders have little ornaments hanging from the hairpins and the spiral wire of their caps; the Southerners have pins with great gold balls at the head, and the flat gold discs, called "stikken"; whilst the Western women wear only the spiral wires, or "spiegelteje," which are the outward signs of a gold wire bonnet, covered by a bonnet of lace, concealing a further bonnet still. So much elaboration of coiffure would suggest elegance and splendor of costume; but a glance at the modiste's and mantua-makers' shops dispels the hope. The Dutch vrouw is severely practical, and makes no wanton display of frill or ribbon. All her coquetry goes to her house, and her plain person is left conveniently unadorned. House-pride and cleanliness have been her passion ever since the dawn of history; and if nations can claim their peculiar rhythm, that of Holland is the punctual thunder of carpet-beating which, from the doorstep of every house, wakes the stranger regularly from six to seven every morning. Since Mr. Pears has not disdained a glance at the confectioner's shop, we are sorry to find no mention of that delectable sweetmeat, "hopjes," nor yet that delicious and exotic kind of cocoa which seems to be the national substitute for afternoon tea.

A large part of the volume deals with the conduct of the yacht, and those who enjoy a nautical flavor to literature will relish the account of an adventure which "sprained the gimballs" and let loose the dinghy; whilst to read how the "big jib" and the "plain sail" were set, how the "falls of the halyard were all coiled down, and the warps were neatly stowed" is almost as exhilarating an experience as a week-end at Clacton-on-Sea.

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Mr. Reyburn's handling of his subject is perhaps most successful on the personal side. Most people can never see in Calvin anything but Calvinism incarnate. But Mr. Reyburn puts the theology in its proper place, and helps us to see behind it a very real and living personality. By nature and temperament a student, Calvin became, through stress of circumstances, a man of affairs. His original breach with Rome was due partly to intellectual causes, but still more to his spiritual sense and keen moral consciousness. It meant a great sacrifice, but one that he made willingly. Writing to Cardinal Sadoletto, he said: "If I had wished to consult my interests, I would never have left your party. I do not say the road to preferment would have been easy to me, but I certainly know not a few of my own age who have attained eminence, and there are some of them whom I could have equalled, if not outstripped. But I will say that I would have had no difficulty in reaching the summit of my desires if these had been for a life of leisure and an honorable position." He went to Geneva greatly against his will and under a strong sense of duty. He remained there and did his work in the teeth of the fiercest opposition, and handicapped all the time by horrible ill-health. He made Geneva, as John Knox said, "the most perfect school of Christ that ever was on earth since the days of the Apostles." No doubt the methods by which this was accomplished were harsh enough, and open to grave criticism; but they suited the times, and when we remember the kind of Augean stables that had to be dealt with and the frantic opposition of the Libertines to every effort to cleanse them, who shall say that they were too drastic? In some senses, the personal influence of Calvin counted for more than his measures. He was no dour fanatic and kill-joy. He had a nervous, almost an artistic, temperament, and could more than appreciate the lighter side of things. His preaching, too, counted for much, and made his fellow-workers love him. "He had an unrivalled power of exposition and of persuasion. He used many illustrations, taking them from familiar topics. His descriptions were full of vivid color, and were given with a force that sometimes tickled and sometimes terrified his audience. Wit, sarcasm, railing, invective, denunciation, humor, were all at his command, and he used them freely. He had the most familiar acquaintance with the whole range of Scripture, and with the Greek and Latin Fathers, so that his expositions represent the high-water mark of the homiletical scholarship of his time, and although he appealed

mainly to the intelligence and conscience, no one was so tender as he in setting forth the consolations of the Gospel for the comfort of the afflicted, or so urgent in pressing careless sinners to accept salvation through faith in Christ."

Calvin was extraordinarily versatile. He had that practical skill and sagacity which made him an authority in matters far outside the range of his own interests. His friends used to consult him about all manner of things, from the choice of a wife to the best manner of heating stoves and ovens. This practical bent makes itself felt, too, in his theology. However little we may believe in it to-day, it did its work. It was the kind of tonic the times needed, and tonics are harsh and bitter things. It is noteworthy that while Lutheranism is practically confined to Germany and Scandinavia, Calvinism has found a home far beyond the bounds of Switzerland. It met the needs both of Scotland and of England at a very critical time, and this was because it enshrined a real experience, and rose out of a living faith.

All this and more comes out in Mr. Reyburn's vivid pages. He has a way of putting things in their true relations and proportions. On the question as to responsibility for the death of Servetus he will not acquit Calvin of blame, but he points out how the condemnation took place at a time when Calvin's influence in Geneva was at a low ebb, and he recognizes that the savage spirit of the times must be taken into account. The picture he draws is one in which light and shade are curiously mingled; there is great achievement, but there is also great harshness and even brutality—the one perhaps because of the other. But it is a picture which grows on the beholder, and the reader rises from the book grateful for its candor as well as for its literary skill. How truly the author estimates the spirit of the man and the movement he portrays may be gathered from the following words:—

"It cannot be too often or too emphatically declared that the attempt to propagate truth or establish religion by the civil power is an insult to the truth which is sought to be propagated or to the religion which is thus established. The truth, especially the truth of Christianity, needs no civil power to take care of it. It can propagate and establish itself in defiance of all the princes and potentates in the world. In the early ages, when everything was against it, it put the gods of Greece and Rome to flight, it dethroned the Caesars and gave their sceptre to a minister of the Gospel. And there is that in it which will enable it to do mightier things than these. But there are few in Europe even at this day who believe this. As a rule the Church thinks it necessary or at least desirable to secure the prestige and power which come from connection with the State, and although the tragedy of Servetus is no longer possible in any European country, we still have reason to pray that Christian men would place less reliance on compulsion applied by force from without, and more on the illumination of the understanding, and the renewing of the will which are effected by the internal agency of the Spirit of God."

SOME WOMEN WORKERS.

"Women Workers in Seven Professions: A Survey of their Economic Conditions and Prospects." Edited for the Studies Committee of the Fabian Women's Group by EDITH J. MORLEY. (Routledge. 6s. net.)

The aim of the Fabian Women's Group in making the inquiry of which this volume is the outcome was "to elicit women's own thoughts and feelings on their economic position." Women of experience and of expert knowledge were invited to lecture to audiences of their own sex, and the questions raised were freely discussed. A part of the information thus gathered is presented in the essays by twenty-four different hands, which Miss Morley has edited and which cover pretty fairly (though not completely) the seven callings of Teaching, Medicine (including Dentistry), Nursing, Sanitary Inspectorship, the Civil Service, Clerking, and Acting.

To read the words of these several writers, each reporting separately upon the occupation known to her by personal experience is to feel that the economic advance of women in various professions is, after all, smaller than we are accustomed to suppose; that in few of them can a woman secure from the outset even a bare maintenance; that in some she will be paid for responsible, highly-trained, and exhausting work at a rate per hour measurable only in pence, and that whenever she secures an appointment in the public service

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she will be liable to the risk of losing her post if she marries. Upon the evil results of such dismissal writer after writer of the series dwells. The public service suffers—

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The economic position of women suffers. Every woman liable to this restriction becomes less valuable because of the probability that she will be but temporary worker; and, in fact, many women are debarred from attaining that mature experience which gives the highest value to professional work, while those who remain to reach their highest measure of professional efficiency are shut off from the full personal development of marriage and parentage. Can it be supposed that a Civil Service, for example, in which every official was compulsorily single would contain a larger number of good all-round men than are at present to be found in its various posts?

It is a serious drawback of the callings included in this book that, on the whole, those in which there is a reasonable chance of ever earning more than a maintenance require so long a preliminary stage as to be practically closed to beginners possessing no private means. In medicine alone are the emoluments of the woman practitioner likely to reach the figure of a professional man's expected income; and in public appointments an effort is too often made to pay her, like other women, at a less rate than a man. A small minority of actresses earn large incomes, but there is not nearly enough decently paid work to go round; women clerks earn even less than men clerks; and nursing, an occupation which no one grudges to women, is too often less well paid than cooking. The professional woman, in short, has conquered in these seven fields a foothold; but as yet not much more.

NEW FICTION.

"The House in Demetrius Road." By J. D. BERESFORD. (Heinemann. 6s.)

"The Magic Tale of Harvanger and Yolande." By C. P. BAKER. (Mills & Boon. 6s.)

IN "The House in Demetrius Road" Mr. Beresford has handled a repellent subject—a study of the drink-craving in a dour Scotsman of genius—and has triumphed by his unremitting, patient sincerity. Even people who dislike pure realism and are repelled by a sordid episode, are likely to find themselves drawn into the meshes of the psychological situation he expounds. At first they may protest along with the young Cambridge man, Martin, who takes up his abode at Demetrius Road as the paid secretary of Mr. Greg, a rising young politician, that they really "can't stand" the dreary house "Garrock," and the lurking uncleanness of the atmosphere. But gradually they will succumb to the forceful personality of the grim and clever Robin Greg, with his coarse manners, brilliant talk, and vicious craving. The man is a drunkard, and we must stay in his company till we learn the sequel of the plucky effort to reclaim him made by his sister-in-law, the beautiful girl, Maggie Hamilton, in conjunction with the newly-engaged secretary. No doubt it is largely our interest in the love story that holds us captive while the two are conspiring together to cure Robin Greg of his detestable habit. For Martin, when he saw a photograph of Maggie Hamilton on the mantelpiece, on his first interview with Greg, fell in love with her face, and it is the hope of meeting her that secretly determines him to accept the secretaryship. Mr. Beresford shows much artistic skill in his exposition of Martin's gradual awakening

to the mystery that hangs round Greg and his habits. At first he suspects nothing at all, he is not "intuitive," and even after a drinking bout in his employer's company, he still does not fathom the meaning of Greg's habit of staying long in bed, his sudden attacks of "illness," his lapses into coarse uncouthness, and his occasional frowns. He sees there is something wrong about the house, and as he is treated with distinct chilliness by Miss Hamilton, he decides to leave, but he stays on, overborne by Greg's confidential manner. However, Greg breaks out badly late one night and has to be coaxed to his room, and Martin's obvious distress and desire to help elicit the whole story from poor Maggie Hamilton.

Greg has always been a brilliant and clever man, with great determination. His vice is inherited. He has begun drinking early at home, but so secretly that his parents never grasped the extent of the mischief and there has never been an open scandal. Despite his secret habit, Greg has done brilliantly in journalism and in business, but during his engagement to Elsie Hamilton he breaks down and has a bad illness. Then he makes a great effort and reforms, refusing to trust himself, however, or marry until two years have tested him. He leaves Aberdeen, gains a position for himself in London, is made a partner in his business, and then marries Elsie. Four years of devoted happiness pass, and then Greg, who has been overworking at politics, succumbs again. His wife tries to fight his obsession, but finds it hopeless, and dies in the struggle, "glad to die in the end." "And for the past two years Greg has hardly ever been decently sober." Such is the sister-in-law's story—a typical one—and it is only the blend of his youthful optimism and his love passion that urges Martin on to try "a cure" on his employer, the "Antol" cure for drunkenness, used with great success by the Rev. Cecil Barker, of the Camden Town Settlement. It is Martin's enthusiasm to make the attempt, and his fine, healthy confidence in his plan, that bring Margaret Hamilton close to him, and the two, staking everything on this single cast, are driven into the rôle of conspirators, leaning on one another for help, combining their spiritual forces, plotting to outwit for his good the drunkard, who is incredibly cunning and resourceful for evil. Chance favors them. An accident, when he is drunk, puts Greg into the doctor's hands, and in his weakened state he succumbs to Martin's bold, frontal attack and his sister-in-law's persuasive pressure to try "the cure." The most dramatic chapter in the book describes Martin's forcible handling of his patient in a mad paroxysm on the fateful night and the failure of Greg's cajolery and violence to move him. The "cure" is administered, and begins to act, and Mr. Beresford's psychological drama now grows more complex.

It is a proof of our absorption in the narrative that at this stage we begin to wish for a chapter of quotations from Maggie Hamilton's diary. The limitations of the masculine intelligence, clever or not, lie precisely at the point where a woman's insight is strongest, and our author's clever exposition now shows the defect of its quality—it is frankly masculine. Yet Mr. Beresford indicates admirably the gulf that soon begins to yawn between the conspirators. As Robin Greg grows better, and becomes more and more "his old self," Maggie's manner to Martin becomes more distant. The young man is forced to perceive that the woman is now identifying herself, in her feminine loyalty, with the patient, and that she is prepared to go almost any length for the sake of securing Robin Greg's future. But of course there is something behind this attitude of the woman's show of pure devotion, and for weeks of disintegrating intercourse, of chilled responses, and self-conscious reserves Martin cannot guess what it is that her feminine tactics are concealing. Then the blow falls when Greg coarsely announces one day that Maggie and he are going to get married. Every method in the art of story-telling has its drawbacks, and the author's chosen, deliberate device of presenting the situation and its issues bit by bit through the puzzled intelligence of an inexperienced young man, is handicapped by the fact that he cannot do more than raise a corner of the curtain on the full stream of the drama. The key of the situation between the three actors is, in fact, in Maggie Hamilton's hands, standing as she does between the man she is struggling to save and the man she wants to marry. She feels, in fact, a

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physical loathing for Greg's love-making, and she cannot bear that Martin shall pass out of her life. Martin, on the other hand, deeply in love with her, is resolved to stand by her and keep within call, even when she is married. But in his boyish, whole-souled devotion he does not understand that the woman is keeping him at arm's length just because she is in love with him. And for long the reader has to grope and fumble with Martin, reaching for clues through the tangle of uneasy contacts between the woman and the two men, from both of whom she is concealing her real feeling. It is the indirect method, much simplified, of Mr. Henry James, but, dramatically, the situation demands that both Greg and Maggie shall reveal themselves to us intimately. Though the story does not rise artistically to the peaks of climax, Mr. Beresford's psychological sincerity guides us safely on lower levels to a natural solution. The conspirators are drawn together again by Greg's egoism and masculine passion. And Maggie, unable to stand any longer the strain of her false position, shifts her ground sufficiently for Martin to grasp her and hold her. Greg, naturally suspicious, has guessed the truth long before him, and the novel ends with the drunkard's ridding himself of the lovers whom his vice has brought together. Of course, he is a doomed man. The figure of Greg, throughout, is finely drawn, and will remain in the reader's memory long after Martin and Maggie have faded from his mind.

Everybody who likes a spirited, well-knit romance, built on the pattern that William Morris elaborated with loving craftsmanship in "The Glittering Plain," and "The House of the Wolfings," should buy a copy of "The Magic Tale of Harvanger and Yolande." It is always difficult to apportion the praise due relatively to the master and the disciple, but Mr. Baker's story will assuredly charm hundreds of people who pass with the lad Harvanger from Greenbank through the forests and down to the city of Long Whitewall, and so on with his doughty friends, Horn and Goldbeard, through many perilous adventures in quest of "The Best Thing in the World." The outstanding merit of the story is that it is strong in outline and clear in coloring, and that it flows in pleasant loops and bends easily like a river from source to sea. The scenes of fighting, too, betwixt Paranides and his kin who wield the sword of "The Death of Men," against Harvanger and his kin, whose natural weapon is "The Death of Kings," will thrill the unregenerate man. It is a tribute to the author that his good men, Bernlak and Horn, never bore us, though our heart is naturally with the evil and beautiful Sir Paranides.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Shakespeare Personally." By DAVID MASSON. Edited by ROSALINE MASSON. (Smith, Elder. 6s. net.)

THESE lectures, delivered while the late Dr. Masson was Professor of English Literature at Edinburgh University, may be termed a challenge to the anti-biographical spirit, epitomized in Steevens's curt and sterile summary that—"all we know of Shakespeare is that he was born at Stratford-on-Avon; married, and had children there; went to London; where he commenced actor, and wrote plays and poems; returned to Stratford, made his will, and died." The book is, in fact, an intimate study of Shakespeare's moods and philosophy, founded upon the closest investigation of internal and external evidence. Professor Masson, to a certain extent, assumes that Shakespeare personalized himself in a large number of his creations, and traces his psychological development thus—the "Romeo-Proteus-Biron" mood, in which the idealist and susceptible romanticist predominated; the "Jacques-Hamlet" mood, when his early exuberance was tempered by a more meditative, sceptical, and inquisitive cast of thought; the mood of Lear, Othello, and Macbeth, when the desolating moral realities swept through him like a hurricane, and, to a certain extent, submerged him; the sardonic period of Timon and "Troilus and Cressida," and, finally, the quietism and serenity (a little—the product of exhaustion, perhaps?) of the "Prospero" mood. From this able elucidation and

an examination of the sonnets from a different point of view than that of the familiar love-story, Professor Masson deduces certain quite original concepts of Shakespeare's metaphysical attitude to life. The space-feeling, he says, was stronger with Milton; but the time-feeling with Shakespeare. His preoccupation with death or "the lean, abhorred monster" was one of the symptoms of this philosophic absorption in the great spiritual abstractions. Shakespeare, the Mystic, has been so neglected in favor of Shakespeare the passionate humanist, that Professor Masson's shifting of the emphasis demands detailed attention from modern commentators. Elsewhere, he dwells upon his conservative instincts and temperamental aloofness from the Bohemian rabble of his fellow-dramatists. One must be more guarded in accepting the Professor's conclusions here. Shakespeare certainly had "an eye to the main chance," and wound up his life in an atmosphere of unimpeachable respectability. But there is no reason to suppose that he was, during the early part of his life in London, at any rate, much different from his environment.

* * *

"France from Behind the Veil." By COUNT PAUL VASSILI. (Cassell. 16s. net.)

COUNT PAUL VASSILI went to Paris at the end of 1868 as Secretary to the Russian Embassy, so that he was brought into contact with most of the leading political, social, and literary personalities of France during the latter half of the nineteenth century. But in spite of the title of his book, he does not disclose anything that is fresh or striking about any of them. He believes that what was best in French social life departed with the Second Empire, that politeness and good manners "disappeared with the crinoline," and that it is vain now to look for the refinement which "was so essentially a French characteristic." Otherwise he gossips very pleasantly about the men and women with whose names we are familiar—Thiers and Gambetta, MacMahon and the Comte de Chambord, Madame Juliette Adam, Dumas, Boulanger, and the rest. His judgments on literary matters are either commonplace or ignorant, and it is odd that a writer who had opportunities of knowing so many men of genius has so little that is significant to tell us. Count Vassili died while still at work on the manuscript of his book, and some additions have been made by another writer. It may be that the singularly inept estimate of M. Jaurès is due to this source. In any case, there is nothing in the book that will be valued by students of contemporary French life and politics. Its merit lies in the glimpses which Count Vassili gives of the famous men and women of the past with whom he was personally acquainted.

* * *

"The Lord Advocates of Scotland." Second Series (1834-1880). By G. W. T. OMOND. (Melrose. 21s. net.)

THIS volume is supplementary to Mr. Omond's former work on "The Lord Advocates of Scotland from the Close of the Fifteenth Century to the passing of the Reform Bill," and it includes the lives of the Lord Advocates from 1834, when John Archibald Murray succeeded Francis Jeffrey, down to Lord McLaren, who was appointed by Gladstone in 1888. The period is one of bustling activity both political and social, and it shows the Lord Advocates at the height of their power, for shortly after the General Election of 1880 the office was shorn of a good deal of its responsibility by the appointment of a Secretary of State for Scotland. Mr. Omond's plan has been rather to trace the history of the office than to give a series of biographies, though he deals at some length with the careers of five of the dozen men who held the post during the period of which he treats. John Archibald Murray, the first of these, was a friend of Francis Horner and was associated with the "Edinburgh Review" in its early days, while the last of them, Lord McLaren, was one of the few Scottish Liberals who were violently opposed to Home Rule. Along with Mr. Omond's former volume on the subject, the present book is certain to take its place as a standard work of reference. It is a useful contribution to Scottish legal and political history, and it has sufficient biographical interest and is written in a way to make it attractive to the general reader.

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The PREMIUMS received last year were £54,021 in the Employers' Liability Section, £6,765 in the Accident Section, and £24,216 in the General Section.

The report having been unanimously adopted, it was resolved: That the total amount to be distributed amongst the Shareholders for the year 1913 be £127,125, being interim dividend of 3s. per share (less Income Tax) and final dividend of 4s. per share (less Income Tax) and bonus of 2s. per share (less Income Tax).

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Copies of the report, with the whole accounts of the Company for the year 1913, may be obtained from any of the Company's offices or agencies.

"**A Short Critical History of Architecture.**" By H. HEATHCOTE STATHAM. (Batsford. 10s. net.)

For the general reader, we can unhesitatingly say that this is the most useful book on architecture that has been published within our memory. Specialist volumes dealing with this or that style or period of architecture are plentiful enough, and have their value for the student interested in a particular phase of architectural expression; but here we have, within some 550 pages, a survey of the important architecture of the world, set forth in a way that should help the reader to grasp the significance of the entire art, and embellished with sufficient illustrations and plans to make clear every point of importance. Since a knowledge of classic architecture is necessary for the understanding of the rest, the author deals carefully with the outstanding phenomena of Greek and Roman building, linking up the former, so far as it can be linked, with the barbaric architecture of Egypt and Assyria, showing the reason for the abiding greatness of the Periclean monuments, and discussing the extent to which Roman and other subsequent building was affected by these. Mr. Statham explains—rather apologetically—the amount of space given to the period between the decline of Classic and the rise of Gothic; the justification for this is obvious to anybody with a clear conception of architectural development through its Byzantine and Romanesque phases. He is wise in treating Saracenic architecture by itself, for though, as in Spain, the Moresque is overlapped and modified by other styles, it was conditioned by exceptional circumstances of race and creed, and partakes, as the author suggests, of the character of an architectural "interlude." Similarly, Indo-Saracenic and Hindu—though the latter may be said to belong to the rococo family—were better treated apart. One may note that domestic architecture, as opposed to that of temple or church or other public building, is virtually excluded from this volume. We do not see, indeed, how it could have been otherwise, but the omission does suggest the hope that Mr. Statham may some day see his way to give us a short critical history of domestic architecture on the same cosmopolitan lines as this one.

* * *

"**Queen Margherita of Savoy, First Queen of Italy: Her Life and Times.**" By FANNY ZAMPINI SALAZAR. (Mills & Boon. 10s. 6d. net.)

SIGNORA ZAMPINI SALAZAR's biography of King Umberto's consort is little short of a history of Italy from the accession of Victor Emmanuel down to 1907, though its author states that Queen Margherita was careful to avoid political influence. As a result, we get but a faint notion of Queen Margherita's personality. There is, it is true, a good deal about the Queen's interest in the education and in the advancement of women—Signora Salazar is herself a leading advocate of the liberation of the women of Italy and of their fuller participation in the national life. The advance that has been made in this direction is largely due to the Queen's help, for as Mr. Richard Bagot points out in an appreciative introduction, the wives and daughters of the makers of modern Italy were confronted by a difficult task in uprooting the prejudices which Italy shares with other Southern countries in this matter. Another topic to which Signora Salazar gives some attention is Queen Margherita's relations with the Church. As a devout Roman Catholic, her position was one of peculiar difficulty during the period when all the ecclesiastical authorities were so bitterly hostile to the new kingdom that a section of them refused to recognize the presence of the Italian sovereigns in Rome. For the rest, the dominant note of the book is discretion, but if it reveals little that is essential about Queen Margherita, it gives a good account of the stirring times in which she has lived.

* * *

"**Coleridge and Wordsworth in the West Country.**" By PROFESSOR KNIGHT. (Elkin Mathews. 7s. 6d. net.)

PROFESSOR KNIGHT's volume is not in any way a critical examination of the poetical achievement of Wordsworth and Coleridge as the product of their intimacy at Racedown, Alfoxden, and Nether Stowey, between 1795 and 1798. It makes only sporadic attempts to realize the nature and significance of their mutual interdependence; their differ-

ences and similarities in poetic theory; their mental fermentation, consequent upon an appeal to a Nature no longer decorous, but religious and philosophic; or the actual value of this period of incubation in poetic result. All that we can get out of him are a few parentheses on the influence of the more profound Wordsworth upon the more nimble Coleridge, and *vice versa*, and a statement, backed by appendices, that, whereas Wordsworth's powers of thought and execution were only germinating at Racedown and Alfoxden, Coleridge had attained to an ampler expression at Nether Stowey. Otherwise, the work is an ill-assorted miscellany of material, partly biographical, partly quotation, partly business detail, and partly descriptive of natural scenery. A lengthy chapter is devoted purely to extracts from Dorothy Wordsworth's Journal, and others are concerned with the recovery of Nether Stowey cottage for the nation, vague reminiscences of chance meetings between the two poets, discussions as to where they first met, Coleridge's correspondence with Thomas Poole and Cottle, the publisher of the "Lyrical Ballads," and so forth. It is indeed a discursive, inconsequent book, marked by an undistinguished style and a good deal of repetition and irrelevance. It might easily have been condensed into half its length, without loss. Nor is the information of a particularly novel or interesting kind.

* * *

"**The Cathedrals of Southern Spain.**" By C. GASQUOINE HARTLEY. (Laurie. 6s. net.)

MRS. GALICHAN has shown in her previous books that she is as much at home in Spain as any non-Spanish writer could be. Her enthusiasm for the country is perennial; and, happily, it is wedded to a mind well stored and, in matters of art, free from bias. Her greatest qualification, perhaps, for writing on the Spanish churches is that she has never looked at a Spanish church without looking also at the town in which it is situated, its history, and the purpose of those who made the church. Thus she has grasped certain truths about the southern Spanish churches that previous writers with greater knowledge of architectural science have ignored. She has grasped, for instance, that the dominating idea in the minds of the church builders was that the church should satisfy the needs of worshippers by being planned so that all could equally participate in the service. The ideal, in short, of Spanish church-building, was democratic, not monastic—surely, a curious paradox in a land so determined to exclude other forms of democracy. But so it was, and we fancy that this fact has more significance for Mrs. Galichan than any question of purity of architectural style. She warns us, indeed, not to expect purity of style in the southern cathedrals. The builders were accomplished borrowers of Greco-Roman, Byzantine, Moorish. Yet the complete result was not imitation, but adaptation to native requirements; in this respect, the Spanish genius was not unlike that of the French, from whom, by the way, Street accused them of borrowing wholesale. Mrs. Galichan has done her work very thoroughly.

* * *

"**The Masked War.**" By WILLIAM J. BURNS. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. BURNS's "Masked War" is the struggle made by the International Bridge and Structural Iron Workers of the United States to terrorize the employers by outrages, and his book tells the story of the manner in which he brought home the explosion in the offices of the Los Angeles "Times" to the brothers McNamara, who determined the policy of the Union. In spite of so stirring a theme, Mr. Burns has written a very dull book. It is largely composed of verbatim extracts from the reports of detectives in his employ, written without any regard to style, and recording details which, though important in helping to convict the McNamaras, have little interest in themselves. Undoubtedly the conviction of the McNamaras was a great triumph for Mr. Burns, and it could not have been achieved without a great deal of courage, energy, and resource. But the reader would be just as ready to credit Mr. Burns with those qualities if Mr. Burns were more willing to let the facts speak for themselves, and less eager to tell us that he possesses them in so high a degree.

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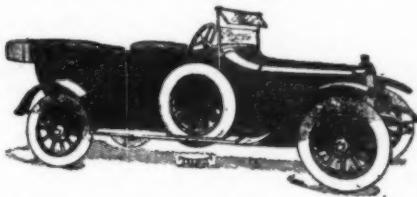
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[May 9, 1914.]

The Week in the City.

		Closing Price Thursday, April 30.	Price Friday morning, May 8.
Consols	...	75 $\frac{1}{2}$	74 $\frac{1}{2}$
Midland Deferred	...	72 $\frac{1}{2}$	71 $\frac{1}{2}$
Mexican Railway Ordinary	...	31 $\frac{1}{2}$	29 $\frac{1}{2}$
Chinese 5 p.c., 1896	...	100 $\frac{1}{2}$	100 $\frac{1}{2}$
Union Pacific	...	157 $\frac{1}{2}$	159 $\frac{1}{2}$
Turkish Unified	...	81	82
Brazilian 4 p.c., 1889	...	71 $\frac{1}{2}$	71 $\frac{1}{2}$

THE Stock Market during the week has been dull, and more depression has been caused by renewed liquidation in Paris, where some of the second-class banks are "slaughtering" clients whose unlucky speculations they prompted but can no longer support. The Budget has naturally caused pain and grief to the very large income-tax payers who have to contribute 2s. 6d. or 2s. 7d., instead of 1s. 6d. or 1s. 7d. in the £. But for some reason or other the City is less angry than was expected. Rumor, it seems, had foretold even worse things, and, of course, the average rich man gets off better than the millionaire. At any rate, there are no new taxes on bonds or transfers to harass trade, nor even on motors. In fact, the motorist has the satisfaction of seeing that some part of what is taken from him will go to motor roads. Consols have fallen a little, as a result perhaps of the raid on the Sinking Fund, which has been a good deal criticized. Argentine railways are depressed by reports of serious damage (by rain) to what had promised to be a fine maize crop.

ARGENTINE RAILWAYS.

Argentina has been visited by a very severe commercial crisis, caused primarily by a break in land speculation—always disastrous to the commercial progress of young countries; but there are signs that the effects of the breakdown have almost spent themselves, and that before long a recovery—probably a very gradual one—will set in. This year's crops are admittedly not good, and even the maize, on which high hopes had been built until quite recently, is said to have suffered from the wet weather. The traffic returns of the railways are not at all good. The Great Southern is £900,000 below last year's figures, the Pacific over £500,000 down, the Western £363,000 down, while the Central shows the relatively good result of a loss of only £250,000; the Entre Rios has an improvement of £40,000, and the Cordoba Central a rise of £120,000. The recent receipts have been affected by the holding up of traffic by the floods, and though they may improve before June 30th—the end of the companies' year—the four big systems are all likely to end with receipts certainly no higher than those of last year, the Great Southern, Pacific, and Western will certainly do so. The Central may pick up before the end of June, and it is certainly in the most favorable position of any. The yields on the leading Argentine rails are set out below:—

	Div.	Price.	Yield. £ s. d.
Argentine Great Western Ord.	5	91	5 10 0
Do. 5 per cent. cum. Pref.	5	101	4 19 0
Bahia Blanca & N.W. Guar. Stock	4	83	4 17 6
B.A. and Pacific Ord.	3	69	4 5 9
Do. 2nd Pref.	5	90	5 11 0
B.A. Great Southern Ord.	7	112	6 5 0
Do. 5 per cent. Pref.	5	110	4 11 0

	Div.	Price.	Yield. £ s. d.
B.A. Western Ord.	7	113	6 4 0
Central Argentine Ord.	6	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 17 0
Cordoba Central cum. 1st Pref. inc.	5	84	5 19 0
Entre Rios 1st Pref.	5	88	5 13 9

The highest yields in this list are those on Great Southern and Western stocks, indicating that some uncertainty exists as regards the maintenance of the dividends. The Great Southern has been wonderfully fortunate so far in gaining receipts just when they were needed, but this year it looks as if higher interest charges will meet reduced revenues; and it would not be at all surprising if the dividend were to come down to 5 per cent. The Western, on the other hand, has been less fortunate, and the decline in its receipts is quite as serious. But the company has been more cautiously financed, and probably it may only reduce its dividend to 6 per cent., though as the Board is practically the same as that of the Great Southern the directors may prefer to keep the dividends of the two lines level. The Pacific was helped by good crops on its line last year, and its dividend may go back to 2 per cent., in which case the stock will probably go a few points below its present price. For those who are content with a 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. return on a security with a fair chance of appreciation, Argentine Great Western Ordinary stock is a good investment. It is guaranteed a dividend at least as high as that upon Pacific Second Preference, and more if the Pacific dividend goes above 5 per cent. on the Ordinary stock. Central Argentine should have no difficulty in keeping up its 6 per cent., and the stock is a good investment at its present price. The Cordoba lines and the Argentine North-Eastern and Cordoba Central system have been unified under the management of Mr. Farquhar; but their future is speculative.

INSURANCE REPORTS.

The Alliance Assurance Company has just closed another quinquennium with most satisfactory results to its shareholders and policy holders, the latter receiving a compound reversionary bonus at the rate of 30s. per annum on policies in the New Series and on policies in the closed series at rates at least equal to those declared five years ago. The results in the Fire, Marine, and other departments of the company's business, were also satisfactory, and after paying a dividend of 12s. per share upon the paid-up capital of £1,000,000, there remained £556,403 to be carried forward.

The London Life Association is one of the oldest mutual life offices in the country, and until now it has applied all its profits towards the reduction of the premiums on existing policies. In future, however, powers will be taken to issue assurances entitled to reversionary bonuses, so that the business of the association will be less restricted. Thanks to its careful management, and partly also to the size of its funds in comparison with its new business, the total expenses of management were only at the rate of 4 per cent. of the premium income, a rate approached by no other office either in this country or elsewhere. The company pays no commissions to agents. For such an old and conservative office, its new scheme is most striking, for it guarantees a minimum bonus of 30s. per cent. until June 30th, 1925, so as to cover fluctuations due to the possible smallness of the fund. The premiums are extraordinarily low, and the guarantee is an instance of the great faith of the directors in the power of the Association to keep its profits up and its expenses down in the future with as much success as it has in the past.

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